

Col. Hay on Sir Walter Scott

H. B. Fuller on Italian Fiction

The Critic

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Mr. Fuller on Italian Fiction

THE FOLLOWING interesting notes on current Italian literature were contained in a recent letter to one of the editors of *The Critic*; but Mr. Fuller assents to their publication. The comments of a distinguished novelist on the work of his fellow-craftsmen are always of peculiar interest.

I have lately been making two or three little excursions in the field of modern Italian fiction. You may care to hear something of a few native authors who are established at home but none too well known abroad. Verga, of course, and De Amicis, and D'Annunzio are more or less accessible through translations; but such people as Fogazzaro and Capuana still remain, I believe, in their original text. Nor do I recall just now any English translations of Matilde Serao, the Neapolitan Ouida.*

One's first impulse, after reading Fogazzaro's "Mistero del Poeta" and Capuana's "Profumo," is to pronounce for a practical identity between these practitioners in a modern, middle-class domestic realism and the Spanish novelists so much under comment a decade ago—Valera, Valdés, Galdós, Alarcón. My first view was that Fogazzaro might be taken as the Valera of the present Italian movement, and Capuana as its Valdés—such striking analogies in method, spirit and material were at once developed. Subsequent readings rather modified this first impression, but still it must stand in part; it will serve as a working basis.

Antonio Fogazzaro I understand to be an elderly man who lives at Vicenza, up in the north. Like Valera in Spain, he has known how to combine romance-writing with statecraft, and if he is not at present one of the Senators of the Kingdom, that is solely on account of his inability to meet the financial requirements of such a position. In general literary style and tone the two men double each other most curiously: in the books of both you hear the voice of the elderly personage, and in those accents of an infinitely slow and gracious and refined gentility you detect the assumption that you are expected to wait in all docility and deference upon the age, experience and position of the speaker. But the "Mistero del Poeta" is—longwinded; its "mystery" is somewhat flimsy and artificial, and too largely of the "poet's" own foolish and inexcusable making; and the book's general tone of self-conscious and overstrained pure-mindedness is irritating to "us others," who so easily take that sort of thing for granted. This over-chaste delicacy never fails—nor the author's consciousness of it; it is present even in that remarkable chapter wherein the rival lovers, the accepted and the supplanted, discuss with some detail the physical disabilities of the heroine and the probable effect of marriage upon her bodily and mental well-being. Such are the peculiarities of the Italian temperament; take them in art, literature, politics, religion, and you find them at one end of the scale, or at the other; never in the important middle section of good sense, self-control and right feeling. I might except Salvatore Farina, the author of "Mio Figlio" and of "Il Signor Io"; but he is beyond the comprehension of the general reading public in Italy—they export him to Germany, where he is better known and liked than at home.

I should say that the scene of the "Mistero" is itself in Germany—it is this, after all, that gives the book its chief interest. The poet-hero crosses the Alps to rob another man of his fiancée. The boot, at last, is on the other leg; the Germans, after having made literary "properties" of Venice, Rome, and all the rest for lo! these many years, now learn how it is themselves: the Poet comes up from the South and does his best to celebrate Nuremberg and the Rhine and the *Gemüthlichkeit* of German social life. Being a poet, he indulges in many short lyric flights, and these little pieces, scattered through the book, struck me as singularly fresh, simple, natural, straightforward and unhackneyed—for Italian poetry, which is generally all that is conventional and artificial.

Fogazzaro's last work, the "Piccolo Mondo Antico," is now past its twentieth edition (however much that may mean) and is generally acclaimed as a masterpiece. It is impossible to read it without feelings of the greatest respect and admiration. He

employs here almost the entire battery at the disposal of the practical fictionist; and there is little to reproach him with beyond a considerable degree of diffuseness (as in the work that immediately preceded it) and a failure to produce a complete unity of effect. The book opens among the ruins of the palace of Tiberius on the heights of Capri—I mean, that's where I opened it; as a matter of fact, the story starts in a rather less hackneyed region, and the Little World of Eld is the Val Solda (near the Lake of Lugano), as it was some forty or fifty years ago. In those times Lombardy was still suffering under the Austrian tyranny, and the tone of the book is decidedly political—or even patriotic, as the Italian public may feel. The story is that of a young Italian who marries rather beneath him, to the displeasure of a stern old grandmother of a marchioness who is in position, as a well-known Austrian sympathizer, to band all the petty imperial officials of the district into a league of persecution against the hapless and helpless youth. There is little in the history of north Italy in the early '50's to dwell upon with pride or pleasure, and the author employs all his lightness and dexterity of touch to carry off the painful theme—he has wisely chosen to treat the Austrian incubus in an unflinching tone of arch and delicate raillery. A like touch is more or less employed in his delineation of the whole gallery of amusing and convincing miniatures resulting from his endeavor toward a restoration of the society of his Little World—a society which seems to have abounded in types decidedly racy, quaint and individual—types that he treats at once *con amore* and *con brio*. The only drawback is his necessary employment of the different North Italian dialects in all their endless variety; but he knows how to let the dialect season the character, and to prevent the character from becoming a mere garnishment for the dialect.

No, the dialect is *not* the only drawback. There is another: the sentimentality. This is less marked in the "Little World" than in the "Mistero," but there is enough in both, and to spare. In fact, Fogazzaro bubbles forth sentiment as a spring bubbles forth water—and just as naturally, copiously, unconsciously, unabashedly. His employment of the conventional Italian vocabulary of tenderness and passion is incessant; "we others," again, would like him better for a little more reticence and restraint. But then, of course, he writes in his own way for his own people. Still, he seems to place himself—just a little—beyond the pale of English translation.

I first became acquainted with the work of Luigi Capuana last January, at Palermo, where his latest book, "La Sfinge," was yellowing all the booksellers' windows along the Corso. That was as it should be, for Capuana is himself a Sicilian, and should be honored at home—though less for "La Sfinge" than for some of his other doings. Being a Sicilian, he is everything that Fogazzaro is not, and the little book just mentioned pushes ahead with a ruthless and breathless vehemence that almost makes one gasp. Essentially, however, it is an inferior and disappointing thing, and must either be a juvenile effort lately resurrected, or else a deliberate imitation of D'Annunzio by one who has completed the delivery of his own message. It is quite short and simple. The Sphinx is a beautiful young widow with two lovers: her family physician and a middle-aged dramatic author. The latter is the hero, and the book is essentially a portrayal of the ravaging course taken by jealousy in the breast of a man who has theorized too long on love before coming to the practice of it. The conduct of the young woman is assuredly sphinx-like enough—even to the farthest verge of the inexplicable; and the moral of her course seems to be that it is better to tell nothing at all than to tell half. But even this Sphinx is not without her little streak of naïveté; for in one passage she expresses audible surprise that a man should have spent his life in writing dramas without himself having had any experience of life's master passion. As if there were any particular connection between real life and the stage!

The book is an eminent example of the forcible-feeble. The author rouses his tempest, but fails to see that the tempest is only in a teapot. The general scheme is conspicuously inexpensive: a group of three people studied in the round merely—no background, no environment; the phrasing of the thing, to use a musical term, is as rashly independent and self-willed as one could imagine; the *dénouement* is practically ruined by the au-

* A translation of one of this author's books, "Fantasy," by Mr. Henry Harland, was published in 1891, by the United States Book Co.

thor's own impetuous violence. Briefly, I saw that I must give Capuana another trial.

"Profumo" is better. Perhaps I should have gone back one step farther and tried "Giacinta," which is regarded as his masterpiece, and has even had a successful career on the stage. But "Profumo" did well enough. This story is based—perhaps I should say poised, and poised very slightly, at that—on the theory that every mental experience (especially of a highly emotional sort) is, or may be, accompanied by the exhalation of a corresponding odor by the body. This theory, I believe, is neither very new nor very strange; at any rate, the author quotes a well-known New York specialist among his authorities. In the case before us the odor is that of orange-blossoms, the patient is a young married woman who is less a wife than a daughter-in-law, and the emotion is supplied by a crackling succession of family jars. The *jeune premier*, a singularly far-fetched example of masculine chastity and of filial affection, allows his mother to supplant his wife. His mother dies, but matters do not mend; for he now devotes himself to his mother's memory. His neglected wife grows desperate. The odor of orange-blossoms. She becomes interested in a stripling toward whom her husband is acting as tutor. He declares his passion. Once more the odor of orange-blossoms. The family physician—one of that serviceable old type—brings the husband to his senses, and all ends properly.

This theme—which you may like or not—is far from being treated with competence and consistency, and I got my chief pleasure from the descriptions of the scenery and society of the remote little Sicilian town where the action passes, and from noting the strong points of resemblance, as regards those matters, between "Profumo" and certain books by Valdés—"Marta y Maria," "Sister San Sulpicio," and the rest. The two men do the same things in the same way; sometimes they even forget to do the same things in the same way; their presentation of a detached provincial society is identical in method, even down to certain minute faults and lapses; and when our latter-day fiction comes to be "hefted" *en bloc*, sometime in the fore part of the next century, there will be no discrepancy between the theory that Spanish and Italian fiction ought to be alike and the fact that they are.

To prolong the comparison. Here is Matilde Serao, who has some points in common with Emilia Pardo Bazan—both being intrepid females who deal with matters that ladies might well be content to leave alone. For the past fortnight I have been stranded in chapter three of Signora Serao's "Castigo." In justice both to author and reader I hasten to say that "Castigo" is not one of Signora Serao's best books, but only one of her latest. Well, this is the way they seem to "carry on" at Naples: A young wife, driven mad by the cynical neglect of her husband, shoots herself in the luxurious villa of a young man of pleasure. The husband in hot pursuit of the young man of pleasure—nothing but a duel will satisfy him. The sister-in-law—his guilty partner, if you please—in hot pursuit of the husband, with the request that he forget his wife, forego the duel, and concentrate his entire attention upon her and her "love." That's as far as I've got. But right here I feel inclined to express two very earnest wishes:

I. That women wouldn't write about such things.

II. No; nor men, either.

A word as to Signora Serao's method and style. Her method, briefly, is to take a situation and to exhaust it. Her "Castigo" opens with forty-three pages—large pages, too, and fine print,—with forty-three pages of the husband's reverie over his wife's coffin. Her style seems made up of an infinite string of long sagging festoons dripping with honey—nothing could be more inconceivably diffuse and cloying. Yet her vocabulary is singularly poor and restricted. One can reel off page after page without reference to the dictionary;—perhaps, on this ground, I shall follow "Castigo" to the end. Doubtless I should have done better to take up her "Fantasia," which is said to be much more worthy of her.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, as you are doubtless aware, is moving on with his trilogy of trilogies. This expression, trilogy of trilogies, is now quite correct, in view of recent announcements. For in addition to the three works comprised in the "Romance of the Rose," and the other three (written or contemplated) under the title of the "Romance of the Lily," we begin to hear of a third trio which will go by the name of the "Romance of the Pomegranate." He does not wait to complete his second set before beginning his third; I understand that the first of the "Pomegranate" stories, "Fuoco" (Fire) will begin in one of the Paris reviews in the course of a few weeks.

FLORENCE, 15 April 1897.

H. B. FULLER.

Literature

Three Books about Walt Whitman

1. *Whitman: A Study.* By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
2. *Walt Whitman, the Man.* By Thomas Donaldson. New York: Francis P. Harper.
3. *Reminiscences of Walt Whitman.* By W. S. Kennedy. London: Alexander Gardner.

MR. BURROUGHS'S "final survey and revision" of his Whitman essay (1) is the most comprehensive and sympathetic account of the "good, gray poet" that has yet appeared. The author of "Wake Robin" is in touch with Whitman at many points. Both keen observers, lovers of outdoor life, sincere democrats and ardent students of the best literature, there was in each case that difference which enables Burroughs, the more impressionable of the two, to render justice in large measure to the more forceful. To many readers Whitman still appears a mere disorderly person, a literary crank, ignorant and self-assertive. Mr. Burroughs balances accounts by calling attention solely to what is large and elemental in Whitman. "His wildness," he says, "is only the wildness of the great primary forces from which we draw our health and strength." More than this, he finds in Whitman "a new type of man," and, with Symonds and many others, thinks that he foreshadows a new departure in poetic literature. The "new type," one would suppose, could hardly be very new to Mr. Burroughs, it being simply the common American type, however new it may be when compared with the European type. Whitman's importance is due to his being, perhaps, the most striking exponent of Americanism; and, if he shall be found in any degree a prophet, it will be because there are in the American masses of to-day some of the elements of the future.

The Whitman literature is, as Mr. Burroughs says, rapidly growing; and though there is, so far, no other review of Whitman's life and work to compare with his, much is from time to time appearing that will ultimately have to be taken into account. Mr. Thomas Donaldson's "Whitman, the Man" (2) is made up almost wholly of notes of personal interviews. It is in Whitman's case uncommonly difficult to distinguish the man from his works; but for that reason, those small details which it might be impertinent to dwell upon in the case of another writer, have here some real value. It is, for instance, of interest to find that he impressed Mr. Donaldson, who was long and closely acquainted with him, as a peculiarly reserved man. "No one dared to slap him on the back and say 'Hello, Walt.'" There is a good deal about *camaraderie* in Whitman's early poems. This was mainly what attracted Symonds and some other Englishmen to him. But Mr. Donaldson quotes these sentences from one of his note-books:—"My life has not been occupied and drawn out by love for comrades, for I have not found them. Therefore, I have put my passionate love of comrades in my poems." It is also interesting to know that Whitman's Philadelphia publisher, Mr. Welsh, had tried, secretly, to get the Society for the Suppression of Vice of that city to prosecute him for selling "Leaves of Grass." The action of a Boston society of the sort had netted him, he said, more than \$2000. Some of Whitman's remarks about his contemporaries were nothing if not picturesque. The political personages of his time were "worms wriggling on the hook of oblivion." A reporter who invented an interview with him is spoken of as an example of "alitudinous and Himalayan gall." He appears to have given more study to Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" than to any other book, except the Bible.

Mr. Kennedy's smaller book (3) is also largely made up of notes of interviews, but with much comment of his own. Like a certain Australian admirer, Mr. Kennedy treats Whitman as a Hegelian, a worshipper of the Absolute, and his poems as possible incitements to anarchist uprisings. This is, to say the least, unphilosophical. His book sadly needs an index. There is much good material in it, but it is ill arranged.

"Domestic Service"

By Lucy Maynard Salmon. The Macmillan Co.

ONE of the most important departments of the great and complicated labor question, is that of domestic service and the relations between household workers and their employers. The subject has been repeatedly discussed in the newspapers and magazines, but still seems as far from a satisfactory settlement as ever. The present book deserves a hearty welcome, because it is truly helpful. In fact, it is one of the best studies of any phase of the labor problem that we have ever met with. It is largely based on a series of inquiries sent out a few years since to employers and workers in domestic service, with the object of ascertaining the real condition of the service. Three circulars were prepared, specimens of which are given in the appendix to this volume—one for employers, one for employees, and a third asking for information about the teaching of housework and other phases of the general subject. Replies were received from 1025 employers and 719 employees; and, as they came from all parts of the country, they may be safely taken as fairly representing the condition of the service. The author has also sought information from the Massachusetts Labor Bureau and such other sources as were available.

She begins with a sketch of the history of domestic service in the United States. According to her, the condition of the service was worse during the colonial period than it is now. She then shows how some of the evils now prevailing arose from the former existence of slavery in the south and the immense immigration of foreigners at the north. Next come several chapters in which she endeavors to show the advantages, disadvantages and difficulties of the service, from the standpoint of both the employer and the worker. The troubles of the ladies who employ servants arise mainly from the difficulty of finding skilled domestics, and from the frequent changes due partly to the restlessness of the servants and partly to other causes. To these must be added, in some cases, the employer's own ignorance of household affairs, and the fact that so many of the servants are foreigners. From the standpoint of the workers, there are certain advantages in domestic service, such as the healthfulness of the work, the fact that it furnishes a home to the workers, and the opportunities it offers young women to fit themselves for housekeeping, when, as usually happens at some time, they marry and have homes of their own. On the other hand, there are disadvantages which, in the view of most native American girls, outweigh all the advantages. The chief of these is the inferior reputation in which domestic service is now held. We often hear it said, indeed, that household service is just as respectable as any other manual labor, and this is undoubtedly true; but the fact remains that it is not so much respected either by employers or by other classes of laborers. The use of the term "servant," the custom of addressing domestic workers by their christian name, or without a prefix, the requirement, in some cases, of a peculiar dress, together with some other causes that Mrs. Salmon touches upon, have cast a social stigma upon housework which ought not to attach to it; and this wholly undeserved stigma must be removed before the class of women who would make the best domestic workers will be willing to enter the service.

In discussing the remedies for this unsatisfactory condition of affairs, Mrs. Salmon, as is usually the case with writers on social subjects, is less successful than in her presentation of the evils themselves. One of her most noteworthy recommendations is that schools be established for teaching housekeeping to employers, the teaching to embrace all branches of the subject and to be of a high professional and technical character. That such schools would be useful, is quite likely; but we can by no means agree with the author, that they should be confined to the graduates of universities and colleges—as if all the intelligence of the community were confined to that small class. Mrs.

Salmon thinks that in the course of time a great deal of the work that is now done in dwelling-houses, including most of the cooking, will be transferred to outside establishments, as the manufacturing formerly done at home has been transferred to factories. She also advocates the introduction of profit-sharing into domestic life, but clearly recognizes and strongly insists that no great improvement is possible until the social standing of the workers is raised, and better social relations are established between them and their employers. But this must be mainly the work of the latter; and thus the solution of the problem of domestic service depends chiefly on the good sense and social virtue of the women of the more fortunate classes.

"The Poems of Ossian"

Trans. by James Macpherson; with Notes, and with an Introduction by William Sharp. Centenary Edition. Edinburgh: Patrick Geddes & Co. Collegues.

MACPHERSON'S "Ossian" is one of those books which, though no longer read, continue to be written about, because of their history and associations. On its first publication, it was enthusiastically received by some as a faithful translation of ancient Scottish originals, and denounced by others as a forgery. It had a tremendous vogue in the closing years of the eighteenth century and for long after, was a favorite with the great Napoleon, and was one of the first indications of the then approaching romantic movement in literature. We know now that it is a tasteless and conscienceless adaptation of old material, for the most part of Irish Gaelic origin. Some interest will always attach to the book itself as a curious example of the literary tastes and fashions of its day. But most of the interest excited by it has been transferred to the sources from which Macpherson indirectly drew. He worked undoubtedly upon oral Scotch traditions; but these were originally derived from the neighboring island. Portions of the Ossianic cycle are preserved in eleventh-century Irish manuscripts; some of these follow versions which can be traced in literary form as far back as the ninth century. The time to which the majority of the poems refer, judging by the allusions to historical personages which they contain, is the third century A.D.; but much of their contents are modified myths and legends of pre-Christian Ireland, going back to an unknown antiquity, and intimately connected with the whole mass of Aryan mythology and folk-lore.

There is a very great, almost a radical, difference between this ancient poetry and Macpherson's modernization. Some of the eleventh-century Irish lays are as artificial in manner as the eighteenth-century travesty; but it is a wholly different sort of artificiality. Macpherson may almost stand for the perfection of inflated idealism, while the old Gaelic poems referred to are, in manner, naturalistic to a degree. They abound in examples of minute word-painting, and sometimes carry the research of the *mot juste* to extraordinary lengths. With all this, they have a complicated poetic structure, based on assonance and repetition. The older lays are vigorous narrative poems, with much dialogue, the heroes of which unite human attributes with divine in a way that is peculiar to Gaelic literature. These poems have much of the movement and spirit of the Norse sagas, but show a keener sense of beauty. Portions of them have been published by the Ossianic Society of Dublin, and several recent writers, notably the late Dr. Joyce, have made free use of them in versions decidedly better than Macpherson's; but, as a whole, they are still, practically, an unclaimed field. Macpherson's rendering of late Scotch-Gaelic variants was first published in 1760; its author died in 1796; hence this edition of his work is called the Centenary Edition. It is to be regretted that time was not allowed to the editor, Mr. William Sharp (even though the centenary occasion should altogether pass by), to get his introductory note into a more readable and

useful shape. He might, at least, have furnished a bibliography of the whole subject; and it would not have been very difficult to make the Introduction of more interest and value than Macpherson's work itself.

"The Choir Invisible"

By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co.

ON A FLY-LEAF at the back of this volume is printed an advertisement of "Summer in Arcady." Of the four press-opinions quoted therein, there is one from the *Hartford Post*, which reads as follows:—

"James Lane Allen has endeared himself to thousands of readers. A master of language, gifted with a true poetic temperament, a lover of humanity, and having high ideals for the art of writing as well as for the art of living, his pages reveal the deep, strong character, capable of keen insight, yet of sympathetic helpfulness, full of a strong and unusually appreciative love of nature and a spirit of good will and cheer that affords encouragement to weary men."

This is a true criticism, and applies to all of Mr. Allen's fiction. His latest work has all of these excellent qualities. The essays with which he began his literary career, in the columns of this journal, were models of their kind, and won the praise of critics whose commendation meant much. We have followed the author's career with interest, and observed with pleasure the steady growth of his reputation. It is for this reason that we regret the publication of "The Choir Invisible." A prefatory note informs the reader that it embodies "some of the material" contained in a story published a few years ago under the title of "John Gray." As a matter of fact, it embodies almost all of the latter story, which formed the "complete novel" of *Lippincott's* for June 1892. There has been a radical change of motive in the new novel, and it is much longer than the old one, but the first two-thirds of "John Gray" reappear in "The Choir Invisible" almost verbatim. It would have been better, therefore, to retain the name of the original version, and to state that in its new form the story was revised and extended.

As to the changes themselves, in our judgment they are almost all injurious. As it stood at first, "John Gray" was a slight but charming story, with a grateful infusion of the author's delicate humor. In its new form, the humor has been rigidly excised. Mr. Allen has felt moved to write a serious novel, that should be for all time a classic of the winning of the west. This was a natural, even a laudable, ambition; but a story should be, first, last, and all the time, a story; and "The Choir Invisible" is in large part something very different from a tale.

To take but two instances of the attempt to combine story with history: A graphic description is given of the hero's struggle with a cougar, in the schoolhouse over which he presides. The beast crouches to spring upon its prey, whose blood has "become as ice in his veins." But at this critical moment the story-teller lays down the pen and the historian of Kentucky takes it up, and to the extent of five solid pages discourses upon the cougar and its traits, and the gradual extinction of wild animals in the pathway of civilization. By the time the beast has sprung, the reader's blood, as well as that of the schoolteacher, has become refrigerated. Again, John Gray finds himself in love with the wife of his friend, Major Falconer—the aunt of the girl he had ceased to love; and "during these long, vacant hours," he "began to weave curiously together all that he had ever heard of her and of her past," and for nine pages of long, semi-coloned sentences we follow a description of her supposed early life in Virginia, at the period of the Revolution—the way she dressed, the books she read, the people she knew, the price in tobacco paid by her father for an inscription on the wall of the church she attended, and the habits of the clergyman whose sermons she listened to. This reverie should have

been given in a prologue, unless it were omitted altogether; and the extinction of the cougar should have been reserved for separate treatment in an essay or historical sketch. And the two-page quotation, in italic type, from the "Morte d'Arthur" is enough to make the reader of the story do as the hero did after reading it—"lay the book aside upon the grass, sit up and mournfully look about him." One feels, all the time, that the characters are actual people, not because they seem so lifelike, but because so many details are introduced that have no bearing on the development of the plot, but appear to have been copied from old journals or letters, to convey an impression of verisimilitude.

There are charming pictures of nature and true studies of character in the book. All it needs is a pitiless application of the blue pencil. Reduced from 360 to 250 pages, or less, it would be a capital story. The worst of it is, that Mr. Allen can hardly avoid taking its popular success as a sufficient justification of his methods. Even so conscientious a workman as he must find it difficult to disregard an advance sale of ten thousand copies, and a paean of approval from the press.

Dr. Ingraham's Biblical Novels

The Pillar of Fire. The Throne of David. The Prince of the House of David. 3 vols. By J. H. Ingraham. Illustrated by Victor A. Searles. Roberts Bros.

HOW ANCIENT seems the period "Before the War"! Yet those were the days when we read with absorbing delight each of the three volumes which now reappear before us in new robes of print and binding, and made all glorious within with striking illustrations. Dr. Ingraham's attempt to tell the story of Moses, of David and of Jesus, by reproducing the old narratives dyed and strained through the medium of the modern imagination moulded upon the resources of archæology, was not the first of its kind, though similar attempts are much more numerous in our day. Notwithstanding that the trilogy was written in Mississippi, these books are not by a southern writer. Joseph Holt Ingraham was born in Portland, Maine, in 1809. He drifted from business into pedagogy, and then wrote his first work, "The Southwest, by a Yankee," when thirty-seven years old. He floated several romances which it would be hard now to find upon the sea of literature. When the novelist became a clergyman, he turned his talents toward making Scripture heroes more real to the modern man. His literary workshop was at Holly Springs, Miss., where he lived during the war and died in 1866. Between his "secular" and his "sacred" romances, between 1847 and 1855, eight years elapsed, during which more than one cheap story, and even translations from French authors, were published under his name, much to his disgust. Dr. Ingraham did not issue his religious novels in chronological order, for his "Prince of the House of David" came first; the second treated of Moses, the third of David and Solomon.

As a whole generation of readers have been familiar with the text, we need not further enlarge upon the merits or demerits of what are popular books, and likely to remain such for at least a generation to come, with people of a certain grade of culture. The type of this edition is large and clear, and the paper good. The most striking feature is the abundance of illustrations, over threescore and ten in number, made especially for the edition by Mr. Victor A. Searles. They are in the main very clear and satisfactory, though often far from conforming to modern scholarship or archæology. For example, the Hebrew characters on the stone tables held in the hand of Moses are upside down, both in the frontispiece, and on page 594 of "The Pillar of Fire"; and instead of the *triclinium* at the Lord's Supper, we have the Da Vinci-like table, on both sides of which the disciples sit in groups of three. The publishers have done well in preserving the author's original notes and explanations.

"In the Land of Tolstoi"

Experiences of Famine and Misrule in Russia. By Jonas Stadling and Will Reason. Thomas Whittaker.

THIS is a heart-melting account of the sufferings of a people chronically misgoverned and not infrequently in dire poverty and famine. According to Mr. Stadling, who went to Russia during the famine of 1891-2 with funds for the relief work directed by Count Tolstoi, the trouble with Russia is easily stated. Between its masses and classes, so fearfully disproportioned in number, there is a gulf like that between Lazarus and Dives. Only, in the land of the Tsar anything suggestive of "Abraham's bosom" is for the few. In the peasant world life is a constant struggle for existence; in the official world it is usually one of luxury. The state religion is based on military force. A manifestation of independence in worship or thought usually marks out the person attempting to enjoy it for the vengeance of the law. The commonplace freedom of life in Great Britain and the United States is all that the majority of the so-called anarchists in Russia have been seeking. The author asserts that there are 35,000,000 people in the Russian Empire who are starving with more or less rapidity, the frightful death-rate of sixty four per 1000 having been reached, for instance, among the peasants of central Russia. In 1885, the medical congress convened at Moscow for the purpose, among others, of investigating the causes of the growing mortality among the peasantry, decided that it was due to the insufficient quantity and bad quality of their food—i. e., to chronic famine. When the serfs were practically owned, they were often cruelly treated, but their masters had a direct pecuniary interest in keeping them from starvation. Since the emancipation, the promises made by the Government have not been kept. Of the 110,000,000 inhabitants, only 1,350,000 are non-agricultural laborers. A few years before this famine, more than sixty per cent. of the Russian peasants did not possess either horse or cow, so that women had to drag the plow.

Nevertheless, there is hope for Russia. In increasing numbers, people of the better classes devote themselves to brightening the lives of the peasants in various ways. Mr. Stadling, besides recounting a great deal that shows the dark side of life among them—hunger, oppression by overtaxation and by the ruthless tax-gatherer,—reveals this sunny side of the situation. He shows in satisfying detail how the grand example of Tolstoi is beginning a new era for the Russian *mushik*. He tells us much about Tolstoi and his family and their noble Christian work. In many respects we are inclined to believe that this volume has both a contemporaneous interest and a classic value, like Robert Barclay's "The Inner Life of the Religious Societies of the [English] Commonwealth," without which it would now be hard to understand the intellectual and religious origins of the United States of America.

"Corea: The Hermit Nation"

By William Elliot Griffis. Sixth edition. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE events of the past few years have drawn special attention to the nations of eastern Asia, and have given new interest and importance to all information respecting them. Statesmen find it necessary to pay due regard to them, missionaries are making renewed efforts to spread Christianity among them, and all who care for the progress of humanity rejoice to see them awakening from the slumber of ages, and adopting the ideas and methods of civilized life. Among these nations, Corea was the last to feel the influence of Europeans and to open her gates to the commerce and civilization of the world; and it is only within a few years that reliable information respecting that country and its people has been obtainable. Quite recently, however, several works relating to Corea have appeared, one of the best of them being the new edition of Dr. Griffis's book. Dr. Griffis was for some time a teacher in the Imperial University of Japan, and it was during his sojourn there that he conceived the idea of writing an account of Corea and its history. The first edition of the work was published in 1882; the sixth lies before us, with two additional chapters, on Corea in 1888

and 1897. The book is so well and so favorably known, that we need not review it at great length. It consists of three parts, dealing, respectively, with the history of the country; the people, their government, religion and emotions; and the story of recent events and of the introduction of European civilization.

The additional chapters give a concise but readable account of the events of the last few years, including especially the Chino-Japanese war. Dr. Griffis sympathizes with Japan in her dispute with China, and thinks that the removal of Chinese influence was a necessary preliminary to the establishment in Corea of western civilization. He shows, however, that the Japanese, partly owing to their own violent methods, have not secured the predominant influence in Corea which they hoped for, and that at present the Russians are more popular there than they, and very likely will control the country hereafter so far as their interests may require. The author thinks, however, that the prospect for Corea in the future is good, and is sanguine of the introduction of Christianity, as well as of the material elements of European civilization. He makes it plain, though, that the Coreans at present are very far from being what we call a civilized people, and that a long moral and political training is required to make them so. Perhaps the late war and its consequences may result in bringing not only Corea, but China, too, out of the torpor of ages into the life and progress of the western world, and if so, the gain to their own peoples will be incalculable.

"Charles Force Deems"

An Autobiography. With Memoir by his Sons. Fleming H. Revell Co.

THOSE WHO KNEW the late Dr. Charles Force Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers and President of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, will welcome the story of his life written by his two sons, who have performed their task with modesty and good judgment. Like many other people of supposed English ancestry whose name begins with a D, this familiar figure in New York life was of Dutch descent. His ancestors from Holland, the De Heems, may have come over to Maryland with the Van Bibbers. Dr. Deems's great-grandmother held so tenaciously to her Dutch, that she once spanked her son soundly for speaking English. Charles was born in Baltimore on 4 Dec. 1820; and the four autobiographical chapters of the book tell of his life in Baltimore and Dickinson College. His early preaching was in New York City, where he met William Cullen Bryant and the leading men in the Methodist Church. He early won the friendship of Commodore Vanderbilt, who, after the War, bought the edifice of the Church of the Strangers and presented it to the congregation. His best fortune was in meeting and marrying Miss Disosway (which is the Americanized form of de la Saussaye), of the honored New York family of that name. As a professor in the University of North Carolina, as a teacher and preacher in the South before and during the War, and then as pastor of the Church of the Strangers in Mercer Street, New York, and founder of the Institute of Christian Philosophy, Dr. Deems was an active, faithful, sunny servant of God and lover of his fellowmen. His friendship with the Carey sisters resulted in literary fruit, which is especially visible in a choice collection of hymns. As traveler, author, preacher and man of help, the memory of Charles F. Deems will long be cherished. Had he been a Japanese, his name would have been Sasaki, which means the tree of perennial helpfulness. The book is attractive in form, but ought to have an index.

"An Experiment in Education"

By Mary R. Alling-Aber. Harper & Bros.

THE NOVELTY of this batch of essays consists neither in the experiment nor in the ideas that inspired, or were inspired by, it, but, to the shame of many other current educational books, in the psychological basis given to those ideas, and in the direct and lucid manner in which they are presented. There is nothing strikingly new in the substitution of one session a day during eight months for two sessions a day during ten months, or in the introduction of modern languages into a child's life at intervals of a year or two until it uses one as easily as another. Nor does any great originality inhere in the statement that a little work well done is better than a good deal covered superficially, or that a thing cannot be defined in terms of itself, or that he who seizes the opportunity reaps the fruits of it, or that one should feel equal to anything which nature offers for his strength to overcome. These are the merest platitudes unless, as in the present book, they are vitalized with experience, translated into terms of human life and color, and correlated with literature and science and industrial

training. Good books, says the author, are the gold that enables delving children to detect pyrites. One who squanders an opportunity, she adds, must not only expect to see his neighbor reap the fruits of it, but himself to be permanently impoverished by all that the opportunity might have yielded to him. And as to combating the elements, "to enjoy a walk against the wind, to take delight in whirling snow, to get wet through in a summer rain"—these are experiences which a child should repeat year after year until it has a sense of adequacy in opposing its strength and vitality to nature.

The author is, however, too sane and untrammelled in her judgments to carry immediate conviction to the majority of our teachers. She would exclude myths and fairy-tales from a child's mental pabulum until it sees clearly the distinction between physical and psychical phenomena. She would so teach history as to correct an inaccurate optimism. In spite of her "experimentation," which she threatens to extend to the color of human clothing (having observed that plants die under black and thrive under white covers), she theorises to a degree. Peeps at facts, unrelated to some known whole, may produce mental unrest in adults, but it is forcing the psychological note to assume that very young children suffer acutely from such a cause, and it would be just a little pitiful to provide them with only such studies as "adults find nourishing and satisfying." There are indications, too, that Mrs. Alling-Aber is not so well grounded in literature as in psychology, and even her proficiency in the latter gets tiresome when she turns to "the six aspects of man"—two of which are "subhuman" and "superhuman." The book is altogether too sincere and cocksure a piece of work to bear for a moment the strain of the postscript, wherein the author affects to be "conscious that she knows nothing, and has been little more than groping about in the dark." It is a most suggestive book and, among institutes, will give rise to many profitless logomachies.

New Books and New Editions

MR. PAUL EVE STEVENSON'S "A Deep Water Voyage" is the log of a trip from New York to Calcutta, in a sailing ship, which began on July 2 and ended on November 5, and in the course of which land was only once sighted, at Trinidad. One might suppose that such a voyage would be monotonous in the extreme; but it was enlivened by some very respectable storms, several all but fatal accidents, a talkative captain and a monkey. From his skipper, Mr. Stevenson has derived an immense amount of up-to-date nautical information, which he conscientiously turns over to the reader, who is free to make what he can of it. There are probably fewer sea terms in all Marryat's novels; and our author has disdained to provide his book with a glossary. Nevertheless, everybody will understand, and to some it may be useful to know, that the coarse yellow silk worn by the lower classes in China makes the most comfortable clothing for the tropics, that flying-fish is poor eating, that sea-lawyers ought to be muzzled, that an experienced seaman can steer straight when asleep, that there are 150 different species of sharks, not including land sharks, that the most tremendous hurricanes are met with in the belt of equatorial calms, that pigs on shipboard crunch coal with a gusto, that the constellation of the Southern Cross is not a cross, that in the southern ocean one might encompass the globe without sighting a vessel or anything fashioned by the hand of man. It does not matter, then, if we read oftener than we care of the ship "yawing and sheering," of the "lee scuppers," the "mizzen rigging," "abaft the beam" and the like. One may skip half the volume and find that the other, more comprehensible, half holds more entertainment than a dozen ordinary books of travel. For frontispiece, there is a chart of the course of the *Mandalore*—the name of the British ship with a mixed crew and a Yankee skipper in which Mr. Stevenson and his wife tempted the dangers of the deep. (J. B. Lippincott Co.)

THE account of "Camping in the Canadian Rockies" given by Walter Dwight Wilcox in his book bearing that name, is fascinating enough to draw him that reads it and has leisure and money at his command, to make the experiment, especially as he can put up at an excellent hotel when camp life palls and he begins to hanker for the flesh-pots and luxuries of civilization. Mr. Wilcox has enjoyed the hardships and sport of his expedition, and therefore tells of them graphically and with the seductive glamor of adventure thrown over them; and he is a good sportsman at heart. The illustrations of the book consist of twenty-five full-page photogravures of remarkable excellence, and numerous illustrations in the

text, all reproduced from the author's own photographs. Summer does not begin early in the Canadian Rockies, and he who is looking for a new spot where to spend the heated term, will have ample time to make the acquaintance of Mr. Wilcox's book, and to weigh the attractions it offers. The author has spent four seasons camping in these wild regions, of which not even a reliable map has yet been made. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

GEN. George W. Wingate's "History of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.," is a handsome, portly volume of nearly 800 pages. Unlike most of the other regiments of the National Guard of the State of New York, Gen. Wingate tells us, the Twenty-second is the direct offspring of the War of the Rebellion. The regiment was born on 23 April 1861, was mustered into the service as part of the National Guard on 4 Oct., and ordered to Washington 26 May 1862, when its serious history began. Not only in the field, but during the draft riots in this city, the regiment saw active service; and after peace had been restored, it continued to watch over the highest good of the nation, at the famous Orange riots of 12 July 1871, the railroad troubles in Buffalo (Aug. 1892) and the Brooklyn trolley strike in January 1895. Aside from its wider interest in matters of great importance, the volume contains a wealth of detail that will be most welcome to members of the regiment, past and present, and is not without its attraction to outsiders. The author acknowledges his indebtedness to many collaborators and friendly critics in his unassuming preface. The illustrations include a number of maps and many portraits, the frontispiece being that of the late Adjutant-Gen. Josiah Porter. (New York: Edwin W. Dayton.)

A MOST attractive specimen of artistic book-making is "Eugene Field: An Auto-Analysis," with an introduction by Mr. Francis Wilson, issued in an edition of 350 copies, printed from type. The "Auto-Analysis" was first brought out in 1894, in a four-page pamphlet. The edition will be welcome to Field's admirers and friends; therefore they will do well to remember that the number of copies available is infinitesimally small in comparison to their own. (Chicago: The Book-Shop.)—THE tenth (1897) edition of Mr. J. G. Bartholomew's "Pocket Atlas of the World" contains seventy-two new plates. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)—THE second volume of *The Bibelot* (1896) confirms us in our opinion, founded upon the first volume, that Mr. Mosher's undertaking is certain of enduring success. The contents of this little monthly visitor are invariably chosen with taste and knowledge; and the setting is pleasing to the eye. In bound form *The Bibelot* is even more attractive. (Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.)

OF THE making of many cook-books there is no end; and among the more recent works on this subject, which interests most of us three times each day, we may mention "The Majestic Family Cook-Book," by M. Adolphe Gallier, who was *chef* to dukes and ambassadors, great nobles and greater bankers, before he crossed the ocean to cast the spell of his saucepans over the denizens of this great city. He gives 1300 selected recipes, specially simplified for the use of housekeepers, and a few bills-of-fare. The book looks very attractive, and the recipes seem to promise proud results; but it would be unfair to M. Gallier to try all his 1300 recipes before reviewing his work; therefore be it known to all who love to eat well, that the book is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and that, in our opinion, no one who buys it will regret his purchase.—THE reviewer manfully resisted the first impulse to look up Boston baked beans in Fannie Merritt Farmer's "Boston Cooking-School Cook Book," but looked at most of the rest of its contents, and found it to be of undoubted value in the attention it pays to the dietetic value of food. At the same time, it will be found a useful practical cook-book for the American housewife. (Little, Brown & Co.)—THIS culinary paragraph may appropriately close with a new volume of "Chafing-Dish Recipes," by Gesine Lemcke, the principal of the New York and Brooklyn Cooking Colleges. (D. Appleton & Co.)

NEW ISSUES in the Riverside Literature series are the perennially popular "Grimm's Household Tales," with an introduction by Mr. Scudder (they are too simple to need any notes); Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," edited with introduction and notes by Mr. W. V. Moody; and "Macbeth," with Grant White's notes supplemented by Miss Helen Gray Cone, who also adds some sensi-

ble "Suggestions for Special Study." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—A BRIEF BIOGRAPHY of "James Boswell," who shines as a satellite by the reflected radiance of the Johnsonian sun, has been prepared by Mr. W. Keith Leask for the "Famous Scots Series." It contains some of Boswell's unpublished letters, with other material now printed for the first time, and is very entertaining withal. The editor hopes that it will "add to the correct understanding and enjoyment of Boswell's great work, the 'Life of Johnson,'" and that it may lead readers to "reconsider the verdict at which they may have arrived from the brilliant but totally misleading essay by Lord Macaulay"; and the book is not unlikely to fulfil these anticipations. (Imported by Chas. Scribner's Sons.)—RECENT additions to the Temple Classics series, edited by Mr. Israel Gollancz, are Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici" and "Urn Burial"; "Gulliver's Travels," Mallory's "Le Morte Darthur" (2 vols.), Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays" (2 vols.), and "The Essays of Elia." This series is as deserving of popularity as was the Temple Shakespeare. (Macmillan Co.)

DR. GARRETT NEWKIRK'S "Rhymes of the States," illustrated by Harry Fenn, were well received by the young readers of *St. Nicholas* on their first appearance in the pages of that popular periodical. In book-form they will prove no less attractive and useful: the jingles have just the quality that appeals to the memory of children, and the important information that goes with them is of just the right quality and quantity. (Century Co.)—HIS two "Topsy Turvy" books demonstrated that Peter Newell had discovered something new in the way of amusing children; his "Shadow Show" is another unique idea, the colored pictures being held up to the light and looked at from the back, when they reveal startling novelties in the way of silhouettes. (Century Co.)—THE "Gobolinks for Young and Old," by Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine, were made by folding a drop of ink in a piece of paper and pressing it out until it assumed a grotesque shape. The nonsense verses show great ingenuity in explaining these grotesque blotches. (Century Co.)—PAULINE KING'S "Paper Doll Poems" relate the experiences of the dolls in the illustrations, some of which are quite wonderful. (Century Co.)

The New York Public Library

AT THE annual meeting of the New York Library Club, held at the Railroad Men's Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, on April 22, Mr. Wilberforce Eames, Librarian of the Lenox Library, made an address on the inner workings of the New York Public Library, from which we make the following extract:—

"The Director of the Library is chief of the executive department, which has charge of all matters pertaining to the appointment, assignment to duty and payment of members of the staff and employees, the selection and purchase of books and supplies, the care and preservation of the buildings and their contents, the acknowledgment of gifts, the exchanges of books, the printing (including the issue of a *Bulletin*), and the transmission of the instructions of the Board of Trustees and its several committees to the other departments of the Library. This department also has charge of the pictures and other exhibits in the Lenox building. The other officers assigned to this department are the Business Superintendent and two librarians, who are subject to the Director, to whom they report, and from whom they receive instructions.

"The Business Superintendent has immediate charge of the buildings of the corporation, and is responsible therefor. The janitors, hall-porters, engineers, firemen and cleaners report to him, and are under his direction. To him go all requisitions for supplies from the chiefs of other departments, excepting those for books and periodicals. With the approval of the Director, he makes all purchases of these supplies, and keeps a record thereof. He also makes out and certifies to the monthly pay-roll, and obtains proper vouchers for all purchases and other expenses.

"Of the two Librarians, one is assigned to the Lenox building, and assumes charge of the books and exhibits there, and of those employed therein. The other is assigned to special duties in the Astor building. All orders for books, periodicals and binding, with few exceptions, are sent from the Director's office to the Astor building.

"The catalogue department is under one chief, who reports to, and receives instructions from, the Director. All book-accessions sent from the executive department to the catalogue department are collated, catalogued on cards (or on slips if for printing), and

are marked with the letters of the new relative classification. About twenty persons are employed as cataloguers and copyists in this department at the Astor building. At the Lenox building five persons are in the regular catalogue department, two are in the department of manuscripts, and one is engaged on special work. A report from each of the Lenox divisions is made monthly to the chief of the catalogue department.

"The shelf department is under one chief, subject to the Director. All books sent from the catalogue department to the shelf department are recorded in the accession books made expressly for this purpose. The accession numbers are stamped in the books and on the backs of the cards or slips, the latter being then returned to the catalogue department, while the books go direct to the shelves. This department has charge of the reclassification on the shelves, by which a relative or movable system is being gradually substituted for the old or fixed locations. It also has charge of the making of shelf-lists and of the binding of books. Four persons are employed as assistants in this department at the Astor building, and three persons at the Lenox building.

"The readers' department at the Astor building is under one chief, who reports to the Director. The readers' department at the Lenox building is in charge of an assistant librarian, who reports to the Lenox librarian, who in turn reports to the Director. This department has charge of the reading-rooms, of supplying the wants of readers, and of keeping the statistics of their number. Fifteen persons are employed as assistants, attendants and runners in this department at the Astor building, and two assistants are at the Lenox building. The periodical department is under one chief at the Astor building.

"These five departments comprise the staff of the New York Public Library. The total number on the pay-roll is about seventy-five. A part of this force is temporary, being employed only for the finishing of the accumulation of back-work in cataloguing and reclassification.

"The regular working hours for the staff are from nine o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. The reading-rooms are open until six o'clock; and to provide for this extra hour, an arrangement is made by which the service is divided alternately between members of the staff. Each person has a half holiday every second week, throughout the year, and also three weeks vacation in the summer."

A VALUABLE LIBRARY BULLETIN

WITH the new year the New York Public Library has begun the publication of a monthly *Bulletin*. The first (January) number contained an "Introductory Statement" concerning the three "foundations" of the Library—the Astor, Lenox and Tilden; the address presented to the Mayor on 25 March 1896, requesting the city authorities to approve such legislation as would enable the city to grant to the corporation a building-site and funds for the erection and construction of an adequate building (legislation since happily secured); the Directors' report for 1896, and a "List of Principal Donors for 1895-6." The second number contained the report for January and other routine matters, and numbers 3, 4 and 5 furnish similar information. But what makes the *Bulletin* permanently valuable is the reprinting in each number of some document of special interest from the rich possessions of the Library. Thus, in the February number appeared the "New York Oath Rules of 1753-57"; in the March number, "Yate's Account of a Voyage to Virginia in 1619"; and in the April number, "General Charles Lee's Treason in 1777." This last is reproduced from the original manuscript of the traitor's plan of operations against the Americans, which he submitted to Howe after his capture by the British, near Morristown. It is a document of very considerable historical interest, and renews our amazement that this double-dyed British renegade and incompetent should ever have reached the position he attained in the counsels of the American leaders in the early years of the Revolution. The May number contains a letter from the Rev. Charles Nisbet, first President of Dickinson College (1785), to a fellow-Scot, on American society; and some verses written by the great German historian Mommsen in a copy of his "Römische Geschichte," presented by him to George Bancroft. The *Bulletin* (a handsomely printed pamphlet of about 10½ by 7 inches) will be forwarded regularly to other institutions in exchange for equivalent publications, and to individuals on payment of \$1 a year. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. I. Ferris Lockwood, Business Superintendent, 40 Lafayette Place, New York.

The Lounger

"WHAT'S in a name?" asks Shakespeare, in a tone that would seem to imply that he did not think that there was much in it. But there is evidently a good deal in it, as writers have found out to their chagrin. It may be remembered that some time ago, when "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" was having a successful run in London, a real Mrs. Ebbsmith appeared upon the scene and was greatly distressed by the notoriety given to her name. Now comes a trooper Halkett of the Rhodesia Horse, who is very much disturbed by the use of his name for that of the hero of Olive Schreiner's book, "Trooper Peter Halkett of Mashonaland." Undoubtedly Miss Schreiner was unaware that there was such a person as a real trooper Halkett when she took the name; but there is one, and he is not enjoying his notoriety. He writes to a Cape paper that he is being worried to death with letters, and that he not only has no connection with Miss Schreiner's creation, but is "Rhodesian to the backbone."

FROM England, in the current number of *Black and White*, comes a story by Barry Pain, of a friend of his, by the name of Charles Chadband, who has just died near Malvern Wells. It appears that this Mr. Chadband, according to Mr. Pain and others of his friends, was something little short of a genius, and that he wrote a number of stories which, if they had been published, would have brought him fame and money. But he was too sensitive about his name to make it conspicuous, and too proud to assume another. When he died, he made Mr. Pain his literary executor, with instructions to destroy every line of his manuscript; and this Mr. Pain did with a heavy heart. Mr. Chadband was unmarried because "he did not believe in the hereditary principle as applied to jokes." But Mr. Pain says that the real reason was that he had consumption and did not think that he was fit to marry. He worked hard, however, but, as he knew, to no purpose. He would not even own that he took pleasure in his work, though he took enormous pains with it. Now there is nothing left of it but ashes.

IN PROF. MAX MULLER'S most interesting "Literary Recollections" in the May *Cosmopolis*, the learned Oxonian tells a very characteristic story of Lord Macaulay. The advisability of providing for the instruction in Sanskrit of English youths destined for service in India was a debated question, and Macaulay sent for Prof. Müller, who was an advocate of such instruction, in order to hear what he had to say in its support. The interview lasted an hour, during which the Professor found it impossible to get in a word edgewise against the flood of arguments against his position which poured from the historian's lips. When the harangue was ended, he was dismissed with thanks for the valuable information he had imparted!

HOW MANY PERSONS, I wonder, recollect that one of Macaulay's famous essays was devoted to a review of Gladstone's first book, on Church and State? The review—a long and brilliant one—appeared fifty-eight years ago; and began by describing the author as "the rising hope" of the "stern and unbending Tories." This description is highly diverting to-day, when Mr. Gladstone has long been the leader of the advanced wing of the Liberal party—almost of the Radicals. A fact surprising to the present generation of readers is the slight disparity between the ages of the two men at the time Gladstone's book appeared. The author was then thirty years of age, and had been a member of the Government five years before; while Macaulay was only thirty-nine. They were really contemporaries, though now the older man seems to belong to a past that is almost remote.



MR. GEORGE W. CABLE

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE does not always strike the attitude in which he is represented here by Mr. Garnsey, but if he were compelled to impale a Negress on the point of his pen, this is probably the way that he would do it. The portrait appeared originally in *The Alkahest*.

THE eleven Carlyle letters sold at Sotheby's recently realized 35*l.* 5*s.* Of these, one sold for 4*l.* 18*s.* This was the letter containing references to "Frederick the Great"; another letter, relating to the proofs of his "Cromwell," went for 4*l.* 14*s.* A third letter, addressed to Mrs. Montagu, and dealing with the pension to Burns's sister, fetched 3*l.* I once paid \$25 for a brief letter from Carlyle to a friend. The only thing that the great man says in it is that he has the influenza; or, rather, that the influenza has him.

RUNNING a gambling casino is a much more profitable business than editing a literary periodical. The annual balance-sheet of the Monte Carlo Casino has just been issued, and shows a profit of nearly 800,000*l.* This means that the bank, not the gambler, has been the greatest winner. Items of expense are given in this balance-sheet, one of them being 62,000*l.* for subventions to the press. This sum, we are given to understand, is distributed among the newspapers, to keep them from publishing some of the interesting stories that relate to Monte Carlo. If it were not for these subventions, the Prince of Monaco would find it more or less difficult to countenance this business, for even the stoutest heart would quail at the stories of ruin and suicide that hang around the Casino at Monte Carlo. Besides the money spent in hushing up the press, 6000*l.* were expended last year in

sending ruined gamblers away from the pretty little place and back to their ruined homes. Probably no other business concern in the world has so much system about it as that which runs this famous gambling establishment. Some day, however, an independent editor may make his appearance on the Riviera and tell the truth as he finds it; and, though it will only be what everyone knows, but what is never printed, it may do something to make the place seem even more abominable than it now appears.

MR. WILLIAM H. RIDEING will retire on July 1 from the associate editorship of *The North American Review*, to which he was appointed nine years ago by the late Allan Thorndike Rice. He has combined the work of that position with the associate editorship of *The Youth's Companion*, which he will continue to hold. If Mr. Rideing were on a daily paper he would be called the "feature editor," for he suggests "features" and "works them up." Few men have a wider acquaintance, both at home and abroad, than Mr. Rideing. If he wants a prime minister to write him an article, the prime minister does so, not so much for the money consideration, though that is usually considerable, but because Mr. Rideing is his friend and he wants to oblige him.

THIS GRACEFUL MONOGRAM is not that of Paul Rex or Pauline Regina. It is as far, indeed, from being a royal monogram as it were possible to be. What it stands for is "Paper and Rubbish," and when Col. Waring's gatherers thereof see it hanging like an express card, in front of a house or shop, they know that there is a box or barrel there to be emptied into their carts. The monogram is printed in white, with a narrow black border, on a red ground, and makes a very effective bit of decoration—more so, if anything, than the white suits of Col. Waring's energetic "angels."



SO LA DUSE is acting in Paris after all! For years she has held out against the overtures of the Parisian managers, but has yielded to them at last, and is playing at the Renaissance. It has been one of Mme. Duse's ideas not to act in Paris. I do not know that she had any reason for this decision, but then, a good reason is not necessary for her if she wants to do a thing, or does not want to do it. She does exactly as she likes, and, as she is a great actress, the public submits to her caprices and thinks her all the more interesting for them.

MR. EDWARD PAYSON CALL has succeeded Mr. J. Sherwood Seymour as business manager of *The Evening Post*. Mr. Call resigned the business management of the Philadelphia *Times* to come to New York, where he sees a wider field of usefulness. His early business training he owed to the late Mr. R. M. Pulsifer, publisher of the Boston *Herald*.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT, who is visiting New York, has not been in this city since his beautiful building in Herald Square was completed. Therefore he has never seen his own sumptuous quarters in that establishment. The main part of the 35th Street front is devoted to his private offices, connected with which is a most sumptuous bathroom with all the modern appliances for luxurious bathing. As it is never known when Mr. Bennett may turn up at his office, his desk is always kept in readiness. The inkstand is filled, the pens laid ready for use, and everything kept bright and shining for his visit, whenever it may be.

A GREEK WRITER, who received his education in America, thus concludes a letter to a personal friend in this country, written at Athens on May 4:—"As you will have learned, our forces, without having been actually beaten, have certainly been badly handled by our general staff, if not outmanœuvred by the enemy. It is going hard with Greece and the outlook is black. It is, therefore, a great consolation to us to feel that we have the sympathies of other liberty-loving nations, and especially of America, which has given us repeated proofs of her sincere friendship."

IN A recent number of *The Publishers' Weekly*, Mr. John H. Dingman publishes a tribute to the late Charles Scribner, the founder of the well-known publishing house. Mr. Dingman has been connected with this house for over forty years, and speaks with the voice of authority, and of appreciation. In a later number of the same periodical is a sketch of Mr. Dingman, accompanied by a very life-like portrait. In this sketch Mr. Dingman is described as "the Dean of the Scribners' establishment." There are few men better known to the publishing-trade than Mr. Dingman, as he has filled a great many positions in connection with it since he entered Messrs. Scribner's service. When he became office-boy for the late Mr. Charles Scribner, the firm was doing business in Park Row, and it kept gradually coming uptown during the last forty years until it reached its present quarters in Fifth Avenue above 21st Street.

THE ADDRESS made by Mrs. Francis M. Scott before the Judiciary Committee of the Senate of the State of New York, representing the association opposed to the extension of the suffrage to women, has been printed in pamphlet-form, and I take great pleasure in recommending it to the perusal of both suffragists and anti-suffragists. Mrs. Scott has a convincing manner, and presents convincing facts.

APROPOS of Dr. Conan Doyle's lecture on Wild Geese, a correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* writes that the *sobriquet* of Sarsfield's Irish soldiers in exile was utilized as the title of a periodical brought out by Irish exiles in a British convict-ship. Thirty years ago, when John Boyle O'Reilly and other convicted Fenian prisoners were being conveyed to western Australia, then a penal settlement, they brought out a weekly manuscript journal of prose and poetry, under the title of *The Wild Goose*. It was written out in a fine clerical hand by one of the group, named Denis B. Cashman, and read out on Sunday afternoons by O'Reilly to his fellow-prisoners.

Sir Walter Scott in Westminster

THE memorial bust of Sir Walter Scott in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, erected by his admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, was unveiled on May 21, by the Duke of Buccleugh, in the presence of a distinguished company, including the Earl and Countess of Dalkeith, Lord Tennyson, the Speaker of the House of Commons, William Court Gully; Baroness Burdett-Coutts, all the staff of the United States Embassy, Mr. George Vanderbilt and Mrs. Maxwell Scott, a great-granddaughter of the novelist. The speeches preceding the unveiling were delivered in the Chapter House of the Abbey, the speakers being the Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, and the Hon. John Hay, the United States Ambassador. The Dean of Westminster read the dedicatory prayers. The Chapter House being comparatively small, admission to this part of the ceremonies was strictly by invitation. It is estimated that one-fifth of the cost of the monument (\$2750) was subscribed in this country.

We reprint here Mr. Hay's address, which Dean Bradley described as "wise, eloquent and truthful." It was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

"A clever French author made a book some years ago called 'The Forty-first Armchair.' It consists of brief biographies of the most famous writers of France, not any of whom have been members of the Academy. The astonishment of a stranger who is told that neither Molière nor Balzac was ever embraced among the 'Forty Immortals' is very like that which often affects the tourist who, searching among the illustrious names and faces which make this Abbey glorious, has asked in vain for the author of 'Waverley.' It is not that he has ever been forgotten or neglected. His lines have gone out through the earth, and his words to the end of the world. No face in modern history, if we may except the majestic profile of Napoleon, is so well-known as the winning, irregular features of the 'Squire of Abbotsford.' It is rather the world-wide extent of his fame that has seemed hitherto to make it unnecessary that his visible image should be shrined here among England's writers. His spirit is everywhere; he is revered wherever the English speech has travelled, and translations have given some glimpses of his brightness through the veil of many alien tongues, but the vastness of his name is no just reason why it may not have a local habitation also; it is therefore most fitting that his bust should be placed to-day among those of his mighty peers, in this great Pantheon of immortal Englishmen.

"In this most significant and interesting ceremony I should have no excuse for appearing, except as representing for the time being a large section of Walter Scott's immense constituency. I doubt

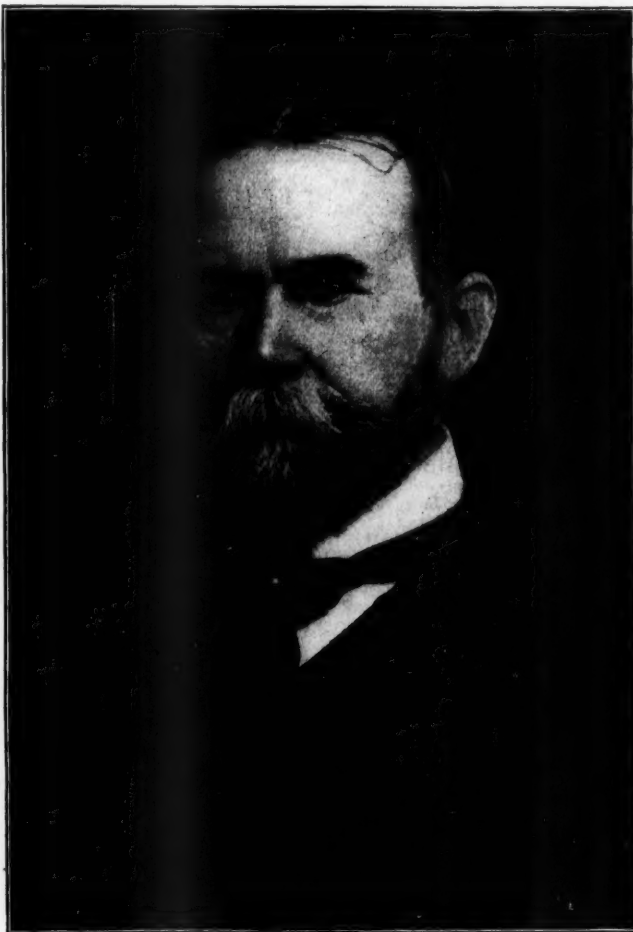
if anywhere his writings have had a more loving welcome than in America. The books a boy reads are the most ardently admired and the longest remembered; and Americans revelled in Scott when the country was young. I have heard from my father, a pioneer of Kentucky, that in the early days of this century men would saddle their horses and ride from all the neighboring counties to the principal post-town of the region when a new novel by the author of 'Waverley' was expected. All over our straggling states and territories—in the East, where a civilization of slender resources but boundless hopes was building; in the West, where the stern conflict was going on of the pioneer subduing the continent—the books most read were those poems of magic and of sentiment, those tales of bygone chivalry and romance, which

Walter Scott was pouring forth upon the world with a rich facility, a sort of joyous fecundity like that of Nature in her most genial moods. He had no clique of readers, no illuminated sect of admirers, to bewilder criticism by excess of its own subtlety. In a community engaged in the strenuous struggle for empire, whose dreams of the past were turned in the clear, broad light of a nation's morning to a future of unlimited grandeur and power, there was none too sophisticated to appreciate, none too lowly to enjoy those marvelous pictures of times gone forever by, though the times themselves were unlamented by a people and an age whose faces were set toward a far-distant future.

"Through all these important formative days of the Republic, Scott was the favorite author of Americans, and, while his writings may not be said to have had any special weight in our national and political development, yet their influence was enormous upon the taste and sentiment of a people peculiarly sensitive to such influences from the very circumstances of their environment. The romances of courts and castles were specially appreciated in the woods and plains of the frontier, where a pure democracy reigned. The poems and novels of Scott, saturated with the glamor of legend and tradition, were greedily devoured by a people without perspective, conscious that they themselves were ancestors of a redoubtable

line whose battle was with the passing hour, whose glories were all in the days to come.

"Since the time of Scott we have seen many fashions in fiction come and go; each generation naturally seeks a different expression of its experience and its ideals, but the author of 'Waverley,' amidst all vicissitudes of changing modes, has kept his preeminence in two hemispheres as the master of imaginary narrative. Even those of us who make no pretensions to the critical faculty may see the twofold reason of this enduring masterhood. Both mentally and morally Scott was one of the greatest writers who ever lived. His mere memory, his power of acquiring and relating serviceable facts, was almost inconceivable to ordinary men, and his instructive imagination was nothing short of prodigious. The lochs and hills of Scotland swarm with the imaginary phantoms with which he has peopled them for all time; the historical personages of past



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THE HON. JOHN HAY

From a photograph made for The Critic Co. on the eve of Col. Hay's departure for London

centuries are jostled in our memories by the characters he has created, more vivid in vitality and color than the real soldiers and lovers with whom he has cast their lives.

"But it is probably the morality of Scott that appeals more strongly to the many than even his enormous mental powers. His ideals are lofty and pure; his heroes are brave and strong, not exempt from human infirmities, but always devoted to ends more or less noble. His heroines, whom he frankly asks you to admire, are beautiful and true. They walk in womanly dignity through his pages, whether garbed as peasants or princesses, with honest brows uplifted, with eyes gentle but fearless, pure in heart and delicate in speech; valor, purity and loyalty—these are the essential and undying elements of the charm with which this great magician has soothed and lulled the weariness of the world through three generations. For this he has received the uncritical, ungrudging love of grateful millions.

"This magic still has power to charm all wholesome and candid souls. Although so many years have passed since his great heart broke in the valiant struggle against evil fortune, his poems and his tales are read with undiminished interest and perennial pleasure. He loved with a single, straightforward affection man and nature, his country and his kind; he has his reward in a fame forever fresh and unhackneyed. The poet who as an infant clapped his hands and cried 'Bonnie' to the thunderstorm, and whose dying senses were delighted by the farewell whisper of the Tweed rippling o'er its pebbles, is quoted in every aspect of sun and shadow that varies the face of Scotland. The man who blew so clear a clarion of patriotism lives forever in the speech of those who seek a line to describe the love of country. The robust, athletic spirit of his tales of old, the royal quarrels, the instructive* loves, the stanch devotion of the incomparable creations of his inexhaustible fancy—all these have their special message for the minds of our day, fatigued with problems, with doubts and futile questionings. His work is a clear, high voice, from a simpler age than ours, breathing a song of lofty and unclouded purpose, of sincere and powerful passion, to which the world, however weary and preoccupied, must needs still listen and attend."

Mr. Bayard's Return

THE HON. THOMAS F. Bayard, who has just returned to America after a four years' sojourn abroad, enjoys the double distinction of having been the first Ambassador ever appointed by the President of the United States, and one of the most popular representatives this country has ever sent to a foreign court. Chance conferred the former distinction; the latter was fairly earned by personal qualities. To a certain extent, our official relations with Great Britain were strained during a part of Mr. Bayard's tenure of office; but his own personal popularity was never under a cloud with the English people. The remarkable article from *The Saturday Review*, reprinted below, is proof enough of the affectionate esteem in which he was held in England; it states the case strongly, but does not overstate it. In fact, it puts it no more strongly than it was put by Mr. Bayard's successor, at the dinner given in the departing Ambassador's honor, just before he sailed for New York. The impulsive frankness that must sometimes have astonished the conservative diplomats of the old world, was not a quality to diminish the popular regard for its possessor. Col. Hay has avowed that no immediate successor to Mr. Bayard could hope to rival him in the affections of the English people; and it is safe to assume that his own efforts will be directed along a somewhat different line.

In this connection it is gratifying to see how completely the attempt has collapsed, to put both Mr. Bayard and Col. Hay in false positions, by representing the former as guilty of a breach of privilege in bringing the log of the Mayflower to America, and the latter as committing a breach of courtesy in attempting to prevent his doing so. The affair was very largely a personal one, and Mr. Bayard denies having had the slightest misunderstanding about it with his successor; while Senator Hoar, whose action led to the report of a difference between the retiring and incoming Ambassadors, has admitted that he misunderstood the situa-

tion, and has paid due tribute to Mr. Bayard's services in recovering the precious relic.

AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN

(*The Saturday Review*, 27 March 1897)

It is within the truth to say that no American Minister or Ambassador has held so high a place in English esteem as Mr. Bayard. To all outward seeming Mr. Russell Lowell was as well received in England as anyone could be; like Mr. Bayard he was a welcome guest in the best houses; he, too, was asked to Windsor more than once; and when he was entertained in the city, Cabinet Ministers appeared to do him honor. But in Mr. Bayard's reception there was an affectionate cordiality which was not shown to Mr. Russell Lowell, a note of intimate, personal admiration which was never called forth by any other foreigner. The bare fact is curious enough to provoke explanation. Without using the comparison invidiously, one may say that at first blush Mr. Russell Lowell would appear to have had all the advantages on his side. Not only was he the author of the "Biglow Papers," a poet of original force and significance in his own country; but he was a man-of-letters in the high sense of the word, a scholar nourished on the great masterpieces of literature, who had now and then written English verse that was all but immortal, and essays of an excellent prose; and withal a man of fine presence and urbane manners, who knew the cities of men as well as books. An actor so well graced was sure of applause on the widest stage in the world, and accordingly Mr. Russell Lowell was welcomed in England and admired in England and hospitably entertained by English society, taking the word in its broadest and in its most exclusive sense. "No one could tell him from an Englishman," cried Mrs. Grundy in wondering reverence; and "he's the best after-dinner speaker I've ever heard," echoed Mr. Grundy in grudging astonishment. And thus the man who in his youth had doubtless dreamed that he would live for ever with the great Elizabethans, masters at once of life and literature; like Raleigh and Sidney, had to be content with a half-success, and left the European stage with a reputation insultingly incommensurate with his ambitions and abilities.

Of course the fault was even greater on the side of the audience than on that of the actor. Few Englishmen know anything about poetry or care for it in any way, and just as the term "artist" suggests poverty to them, so the word "poet" suggests a harmless form of lunacy, or at least a wilful effeminacy even more contemptible. In spite of his great abilities and many charming gifts, Mr. Russell Lowell was rated in England much below his worth. Mr. Bayard has not suffered in the same degree from lack of comprehension. He came to England as a simple gentleman with no adventitious recommendations, and Englishmen at once recognized him for what he was, and honored him accordingly. For, curiously enough, this people thinks more of a "gentleman" than of an artist, or poet, or saint, or even of a captain or statesman; they hold the heroic cheaply and cherish their convention passionately, perhaps because it has more to do with manners than with emotions. Some time elapsed before ordinary Englishmen began to see that Mr. Bayard was a gentleman of a wonderfully fine type. They wanted him as an Ambassador now and then to stand upon his dignity and administer the snub genteel. They hoped that he would be very exclusive and refuse to know "that bouncer" or the Semite who was nothing if not familiar. But no: Mr. Bayard had no touch of aristocratic *morgue*; he met everyone with the same gentle courtesy, and his kindness needed no armor of pride to protect him against liberties which no one thought of taking. Was it his fine presence—the tall slight figure with the handsome face and silver hair—that held even the vulgar to respect, or was it the touch of deafness that accentuated a natural dignity? We prefer to believe that Mr. Bayard's sympathetic kindness brought out the best in all who met him. He listened to the most insignificant with such evident interest; he was at such pains to understand the most inarticulate, that everyone protected him as a sort of public treasure that none had a right to monopolize. Those kindly blue eyes, and that sunny expression that showed such love of life and yet was so fleeting as not to exclude thoughts of life's sadness, won Mr. Bayard much affection.

But perhaps the rarest quality of the man was his transparent sincerity. We have indicated already that there was no touch of pose or pride, or self assertion or vanity, or priggishness or conceit, about him; but the negations go but a little way towards establishing his noble ingenuousness. He seemed to have nothing to conceal, and nothing that he especially desired to put forward. Even in intimacy no one ever heard him tell a loose tale or touch

* Instinctive.

a *risqué* incident; but with this reserve he was eagerly interested in all that men do or suffer or enjoy. He delighted in a cruise on a torpedo catcher with Lord Charles Beresford, and he seemed to take as much pleasure in the cricket match between Eton and Harrow as he did in a debate in Parliament. He liked athletics without being an athlete, and was highly intelligent without leaving the impression of intellectuality. At all times and in all places he stood for man's freedom and brotherhood with a courageous optimism; there was in him no taint of the patriotic sectary. Although he cherished a high belief in the nobility of man and in the future of the race, there was no obtrusion of religion or hint of superstition. He loved ideals because they appealed to his manhood, and yet he was not lacking in worldly wisdom. He was simply a man of exquisite balance and charming temperament.

Our readers will perhaps wonder whether we intend to present this curiously beautiful nature as an ordinary product of America. The question were easily answered: fine characters are as rare, we imagine, as fine poets. But it is curious, to say the least of it, that men like Mr. Bayard are not as rare in America as they are in most other countries. F. H.

Mrs. Humphry Ward on Free Libraries

AT EDMONTON, England, where Keats and Lamb once lived, Mrs. Humphry Ward recently laid the foundation-stone of a free public library. The Urban District Council provided the site, while the building, which is to cost £3000, will be the gift of Mr. Passmore Edwards, whose name it will bear. On the foundation-stone was an inscription recording the names of the donor of the library and the layer of the stone, and mentioning that the initial stage of the building was begun in the year of the Queen's diamond jubilee. At the Town Hall Mrs. Ward delivered the following address:—

We are met here for a ceremony new to Edmonton—for Edmonton, although it adopted the Free Library act in 1892, has never had a library building till now—but old and familiar to Mr. Passmore Edwards, for he has poured so much of his wonderful generosity into this particular channel that there can be nothing new to him in this foundation-stone and this gathering of friendly faces. When we have all passed away, generations of English people, both in and round London, and in the remote towns of beautiful Cornwall—where Mr. Edwards has erected, I think, eleven free libraries—will still be entering the spiritual kingdom of knowledge and imagination—or let us hope so, at any rate—through the ways that he has set open.

Now we all know that there is an opposition to free libraries, and that some very cultivated and cocksure people have combined to say that free libraries exist for the reading of novels and newspapers, and that it is unfair to tax the community for the novel-reading section of it. Well, there is no doubt something in this charge. Vast numbers of novels are read through the free libraries. Perhaps you will hardly expect me to object! You will rather expect me to hold that a man or woman who does not read novels cannot possibly be a healthy human being, just as in Charles Lamb's language, "A man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings." But, on the contrary, I have a good deal of sympathy with the attack upon wholesale novel-reading.

Highly as I respect my own craft, if free libraries were to exist always and only for the provision of novels and newspapers, I at least should not feel toward them as I do. For, after all, the best of novels, though it may be and often is an education, yet if it will perversely try to be a discipline, why, then, we are wroth with it, and throw it away. But in this, as in other things, happiness is best got by aiming at something different—by aiming at knowledge, let us say, and putting yourself to toil for it. Then in the end, like Charles Lamb's Oxford friend, you will be "as happy and good on the Muses' hill as one of the shepherds on the Delectable Mountains," but it will be because you have tempered your novels with the harder things of literature and been not merely lazy and languid in your courting of books.

But, of course, the truth is, that these free libraries are the great opportunities of our day and the days to come. Perhaps the majority of those who come to them will come to them for pleasure and rest—and small blame to them, for our modern life is a hard and hurrying one. But here and there, if the books in them are what they ought to be, they will feed the exceptional aptitudes that too often run to waste, as it is, in our huge industrial class. There is always every week, every month, the chance of this; and

it is a chance that a great democratic nation, wholly dependent on the brain-wealth of its children, cannot afford to refuse. We depend, for instance, upon science; it is to the interest of the whole community that no fine scientific gift, in whatever class it may arise, should lack stimulus and fertilization. It is in libraries like this that you provide the first elements of both. We depend for the solution of our social difficulties, far more than most of us imagine, upon the humanizing of English feeling and imagination; it is in libraries like this you should find the means of this humanizing.

Your invitation card is a very suggestive document. It brings to the mind all the classic glories of Edmonton. More fortunate than John Gilpin, who would have dined with you and could not, your free library has come to stay. Gilpin lives forever, and here you are building a new shrine for his gentle poet. Two other great men are to be associated with this delightful building—two men of genius, whose names Edmonton has a special right to honor—John Keats and Charles Lamb. Keats spent his earliest youth here; he wrote his first poem here. Charles Lamb came to Edmonton at the end of life, worn out before the time by the burden of living, and by the anxieties of that touching duty—to his poor sister. If Keats wrote his first poem here, it was from Edmonton that the "Last Essays of Elia" were published, it was at Edmonton that Lamb heard of Coleridge's death, and it was here he died. Let me commend to any boy or girl who may use this library in after days the methods and the matter of Keats's reading. We all remember the account of how Cowden Clarke read him the great marriage poem of Spenser, and then lent him the "Faerie Queene." "He went through it," says Cowden Clarke, "ramping." If only we could see more of the modern youths of Edmonton or elsewhere go through their English classics ramping! Let me tell them that youth is the time for it, for that passion, that complete joy in the "better world" of literature, which the word expresses.

Their whole after life might well be the richer for it, whether in daily work or in business or in colonization—in that great, that indispensable work of pushing forward and spreading the English Empire, which, unless we can infuse it with a humaner and more ideal temper than has sometimes prevailed in it, with the temper of justice and the temper of mercy, the temper that flows from, that makes the glory of the best literature, is here and there more likely, it often seems to me—as one broods upon the hard and ugly facts that meet one in current books and newspapers—to lead us to national remorse than to national honor!

But books are not only the stimulus of youth; they are the friends of life, the comrades of old age. Turn to Charles Lamb, the hard-worked servant for thirty-three years of the East India Company and the bearer of a domestic burden such as few men know, solaced and cheered throughout by books, and those not books of any particular remoteness and obscurity, but just those writings of great Englishmen, Shakespeare and the Elizabethans, Marvell and Sir Thomas Browne, Milton and Jeremy Taylor, Steele and Addison, which are or ought to be in every public library and are the natural food of the English mind. And how well Lamb read! with what quickness, yet lingering, what love and persistence! You remember the account of his buying the Beaumont and Fletcher folio, how he saved for it, how he went without a new suit to buy it, how he and Mary lugged it home, how Mary mended the pages with paste, while he read up and down in it, gloating over his new treasure? Do we love our books like that now, do we suffer for them? or is it all made too easy for us by cheap reprints or buildings such as this is to be? Well, in my own experience, I have known workmen who suffered more for reading, I think, than dear Charles Lamb ever suffered. I have known a man train himself—by the help of our modern lectures and libraries—to read a Greek play with ease and accuracy, while working at a mine an average of eleven hours a day and for eleven days a fortnight. I have watched a young reedmaker in a Lancashire town, working factory hours, hurry to the Mechanics' Institute Library when his work was done to read some branch of economics that interested him, and I have heard Prof. Huxley say that nothing in his scientific experience had ever touched or attracted him more than the passion for science shown by some workmen in their scanty leisure.

These are desires and self-denials that libraries like this are meant to kindle and to satisfy. And as to the mere average mass of hard-worked men and women who come to these free libraries all over the country in their leisure moments—even if they only come for a novel or a newspaper—they deserve it no less, I am inclined to think, than Charles Lamb deserved his Beaumont and Fletcher. Many people, no doubt, will come here in the future

who will get small good from the library. What matter? It is always a question of the "many called and the few chosen." And it is on those few, or comparatively few, in every class that our English future depends. It is for them that it is always worth while to make provision, and it is in their names—their shadowy, but honorable names—that I venture to thank Mr. Passmore Edwards to-day for the founding of this building which in future years Edmonton itself is to cherish and maintain.

London Letter

ON SATURDAY last, a mixed medley of booksellers, publishers, editors, journalists and men-of-letters dined together at the Holborn Restaurant, under the distinguished presidency of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. It was not a particularly stimulating function, but the presence of Lord Roberts and the fortunate introduction of two excellent speeches saved the occasion from absolute dullness. Mr. Lecky's long and flowing periods did not always carry very distinctly across the Hall, but what he said was admirable in matter and touched every now and again by genuine, if quiet, humor. Lord Roberts spoke as those who know him would expect him to speak—simply, unaffectedly, with extraordinary modesty and straightforwardness. But the speeches of the evening were really those of Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. L. F. Austin, the latter of whom is one of the very best light after-dinner speakers in London. Mr. Hope has a fine voice and gets his points out to better advantage than Mr. Austin, but he is not so uniformly suave or easy. He always, for instance, seems to have a grievance against reviewers, and never loses a chance of saying something cynical, something even a little malicious, about current criticism. Now, considering that no one has been more generously treated by reviewers than Mr. Hope, the attitude lacks something of grace and reason. Mr. Austin, on the other hand, offends no prejudices, and, while he can be mildly deprecating, he never makes an error in taste. Indeed, when you hear him speak, you feel that he would make an admirable lecturer. He always holds his audience: his points tell, and his wit

"Like a polished razor keen
Wounds with a touch that's neither felt nor seen."

Several popular novelists were present, and the booksellers seemed to take an interest in seeing the men whose books they circulate by the thousand. The most interesting man, representative of the younger generation, was Mr. Owen Seaman, who came as Mr. John Lane's guest, and whose last volume of verses, "The Battle of the Bays," is emphatically the best collection of occasional verse and of parody published during the last twenty years. Another year, no doubt, Mr. Seaman will be asked to speak at these functions, for he can do so with abundant humor and discretion. Among conspicuous figures at the dinner was that of the massive and muscular Dr. Schulz, the latest South African explorer, who has been in England placing a book which deals with his recent travels. He has just returned from penetrating a part of the country south of the Zambesi, which has hitherto been untrodden by European foot. This tract is situated between the Chobé and Okavanga rivers, in the northwestern part of British South Africa. His book, which is already in the printer's hands, will contain seventy illustrations and a map of the newly investigated district.

It has been, indeed, a week of feasting; for a few nights after the booksellers' dinner, the same room in the Holborn was filled with an attractive assembly of ladies, invited by the Vagabonds' Club. The banquet was, in some sort, a celebration of the Jubilee Year, and Mr. Hall Caine, who occupied the chair, had upon his one hand Mrs. Steel, and upon the other "John Oliver Hobbes," while many other well-known women of the pen were to be noticed among the guests. The speeches were very few. Mr. Caine spoke for some twenty minutes upon the position of woman in the present reign, and Mrs. Steel, in less than half the time, kept the house ringing with merriment and approbation. A *soirée* was held afterwards, and the meeting broke up about eleven. In many respects this was the most successful *réunion* the Vagabonds have ever held.

Mr. George Moore, having been rebuffed by Mr. Vernon Blackburne and mildly chidden by Mr. Quiller Couch, has nevertheless emerged again into publicity with another column and a half of comment upon Stevenson in the pages of *The Daily Chronicle*. It is apparently difficult to argue with Mr. Moore, as, if you differ from him, he smilingly accuses you of being "conventionally ashamed" of agreeing with him, and continues to repeat his views without supporting them. His use of the capital

I, also, is somewhat disconcerting, and the perpetual repetition of the unfortified first person singular renders discussion at a discount. However, he has now made it clear to all whom it may concern that he considers one of Stevenson's best stories "one of the worst-written books" he ever opened, "dry, lifeless, void of emotion and impulse." Moreover, "pages and pages of its conversation convey," to him, at least, "no sense of anything." And again, "Virginibus Puerisque" seems to him "an elegantly furnished drawing-room, where there was (*even so*) light, laughter, and ladies, happily turned remarks, and exquisite pastry (!) that melted in the mouth." This is a wonderful metaphor altogether, and for general inappropriateness is hard to beat. But Mr. Moore is, after all, the best critic of himself. It is quite unnecessary to add to his own extraordinary comments.

Yesterday was opened at the Grafton Gallery an exhibition dealing with the history of the stage, and replete with every sort of relic of theatrical interest. Playbills, miniatures and relics are side by side with a unique collection of portraits of great actors and actresses covering the last two centuries, and ranging from a Zoffany to a Whistler. Nothing so complete has ever been attempted, and the student of stage-history will find entertainment here for the largest and dreariest of wet afternoons.

London, 14 May 1897.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

"The Sad Ending"

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

In *The Critic* of April 24 appeared an article entitled "Is the Sad Ending Artistic?" which I read, thought over and read again, the second time with a strengthened conviction that this was not the last word to be said upon a most pertinent subject, or, at any rate, not the only word. I have waited, hoping to see a reply of some sort in your columns, but have waited thus far in vain. It is asserted that "art is the reproduction of nature by human skill, and its primary object is to please." This definition in paraphrase is excellent. Under its terms a literary creation to be artistic must, (1) mirror nature, and (2) please the "mind and heart of the reader." Both of these conditions may be satisfied by literature portraying the *Wellschmerz* as well as by that setting forth "the joy of life." We have Matthew Arnold's authority for it that "in presence of the most tragic circumstances, represented in a work of art, the feeling of enjoyment * * * may still subsist; the representation of the most utter calamity, of the liveliest anguish, is not sufficient to destroy it." Likewise, in accordance with the terms of the quoted definition of art, there can be no manner of question but that that writer may be "charged with a sin against Art" who perpetrates an ending (whether "sad" or otherwise) which is "distinctly abnormal and aside from the probable course of nature."

So far there can be no disagreement. The point upon which I take issue with your contributor is one of tacitly implied definition; the amount of "sadness" involved in the ending of the *fin-de-siècle* story seeming to be determined by a sort of mechanical test—the subjecting of the details of the plot to the arbitrary measurements of a literary Procrustean bed, as it were. Does he die? Do they marry and live happily ever after? Is his life effort a failure? The answers to such questions may perhaps form the subject matter for the close of the story, but how much have these answers to do with the "sadness" of the ending, in the mind of even the "average reader," who can nearly always be depended upon to grasp great truths as well as to enjoy great tragedy?

That only is sad which is ineffectual; and the story which has no excuse for being, the work of any writer who may be branded, like the modern French poet, with the sentence, "Il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien à dire," is sad, whether it ends to the strains of the *Miserere* or to the peals of wedding-bells. But as for "sadness" being involved in the plot details of the ending, what matters it if the hero gives up his life while one reads; or if the lovers, kept apart by the edicts of duty, of destiny, or of what may seem blind chance, pass by one another like ships on the sea,

"While darkness, waves and silence stretch between?"

It is the way he lives and the way he dies, that count; it is the spirit that faces great crises, the courage that shines out of brave eyes looking forward to loss and suffering, that decides whether the impression left by the story is dismal and depressing, or strong with the strength that belongs to the assertion, in whatever form given, that it is not what man meets but how he meets

it, that constitutes the success or the failure of human existence; that life is important not as a series of events, but as a process of spiritual evolution.

NEW YORK, May 13.

L. C. POND.

A Memorial to Poe

AT THE last meeting of the Book Club of the University of Virginia, the following statement was read by Prof. James A. Harrison:—

"There is one matter, especially, which I should like to bring before the Book Club before we adjourn this evening; and that is, the proposition lately made by the twin English departments and the students of the University to erect some sort of memorial to Edgar Allan Poe in the Rotunda Library when it is finished. Poe confronts us at the very threshold of the University—for he was here in 1826 as its most illustrious alumnus, who distinguished himself while here in Latin and French, and as a boy of seventeen, in the Italian class, made so remarkable a translation in verse from Tasso, that it called forth the enthusiastic praise of Prof. Blaetterman, our first Professor of Modern Languages. Nothing has ever been done to commemorate the genius of Poe here, and its connection with the University. We propose, after consultation with Valentine the sculptor, to erect a bronze bust—it may be, a bronze bas-relief—in an alcove of the new Library, which we shall ask the Visitors to set aside for this purpose. At an enthusiastic meeting held the other night at the Jefferson Hall, presided over by Dr. Kent, a Committee of Ways and Means was appointed, and quite an encouraging sum of money was subscribed to start the movement.

"I proposed to include in the alcove not only all the available editions, commentaries, translations, autographs, rare prints, and so on, connected with Poe, but also to make the spot sacred to Southern literature generally, to include in the collection other poets and literary men and women, such as Lanier, Page, Harris, Allen, Cooke, Sims, Thompson, Timrod, Randall, Hayne, Mrs. Preston, the rare group of dialect writers now before the public—Craddock, Stuart, Davis—and others, so that this alcove might be a working laboratory of material for students interested in this subject as a whole. Here they could find everything to their hand, with Poe as the central figure and central inspiration; and in aid of this purpose I offered, as a start, to set aside \$100 contributed to the Library last year, for the purchase of editions of Poe. In the course of the summer, the Library will be in working order, and I have already written to New York to see what can be done for us in collecting material to fill the alcove. The suggestion was made that, as there was a beautiful window in Westminster Abbey dedicated to Chaucer and filled with scenes from the 'Canterbury Tales,' and one in Stratford Church dedicated to Shakespeare, with memorial scenes from his plays, perhaps a Poe window might be the most appropriate shape for the memorial to take. The bust will cost \$750. What we want now is for the ladies of this Club and the other literary clubs to help us during the coming autumn with an entertainment, dramatic or musical, or whatever form it may take, so as to assist in raising this considerable sum. It is proposed to dedicate the bust on 7 Oct. 1899, the fiftieth anniversary of Poe's death, and to do this, we must start early, order the bust and have the money on hand to pay for it."

The Fine Arts

American Government Buildings

TWO YEARS SEEM a very short period of tenure in any office where the work to be done is of any considerable magnitude, where highly specialized talent is required, and where reforms are accomplished slowly. Such an office is that of Government Architect, which has been held for the short period mentioned above by Mr. William Martin Aiken, whose resignation has now been requested and handed in. No explanation has been offered to the people by the Treasury Department for the removal of this public officer, and, as we cannot believe that the theory of rotation in office, or the spoils system, has been applied to an office of this special character, we are at a loss to account for the desire for a change. The sole guide to judgment furnished to the public, as to the character and efficiency of the work of this officer, is the Report of the Supervising Architect to the Treasury—a small volume published in September of each year, containing full accounts of expenditures and disbursements in connection with the construction, repairs and improvements of public buildings for the year, to-

gether with illustrations of the more important buildings designed or begun during the period covered by the Report. From these it is possible to form an idea of the artistic attainments of the incumbent, as well as of his economic abilities. A comparison of these Reports supplies a scale for the estimate of the value and usefulness of their authors.

Mr. Aiken has been concerned with only the last two of them, and, estimating entirely from the evidence they offer, his work is apparently far superior to that of any of his predecessors. It may be true that his opportunities have been far greater, that he has had much more to work with, but this does not enter into the case. The question to be asked by the Department is, whether these superior advantages, if such there are, have been properly turned to account by him from a financial point of view; and this question should be fully investigated and settled before any change is insisted upon.

About Mr. Aiken's artistic superiority there can be no doubt whatever. Government architecture in the United States, from the æsthetic standpoint, has long been a reproach and a byword, but the buildings erected or designed during the last two years show a decided improvement. No great monuments have been the result of Mr. Aiken's labors—none have been called for. No gems of architectural art have been produced under his hand, but these seem impossible under the conditions of modern American architectural training and practice, even in private offices.

In his work as Supervising Architect, so far as we are acquainted with it, and so far as the illustrations in the Reports show, Mr. Aiken has manifested a feeling for architectural fitness and an adaptability to requirements and surroundings that are rare even in the best private practice. Few architects are called upon, in so short a space of time, to design buildings for localities so widely separate, or for uses so different, and fewer still would be able to impart to buildings so separated that touch of local color that lends character to design. If we but refer to a small number of the designs illustrated in Mr. Aiken's Report, we shall see how well this character is preserved. The Post-office and Courthouse for San Francisco, designed on the somewhat florid style of the Spanish Renaissance; the classic proportions and urbane dignity of the United States Mint for Philadelphia; the colonial simplicity of New London's Post-office and Customhouse, are all to be offered in evidence of the architect's sense of architectural propriety.

Not that all of the designs illustrated in the Report are above criticism by any means, but they do show a great advance along artistic lines and involve a promise of still better things to come. Many of them have not yet been executed; work upon others has only begun. It is therefore not difficult to fancy the confusion and unnecessary expense involved in the appointment of a new Government Architect, whose ideas, though perhaps no better than—perhaps not so good as—Mr. Aiken's, might be diametrically opposite to his.

The present methods of administration of this office are by no means perfect. It would seem far more practicable to have designs for public buildings drawn by local talent, subject to the approval and under the superintendence of the Government Architect. Mr. Aiken is understood to be in favor of this scheme, and has put it in operation to a small extent. For the good of the office, then, as well as in fairness to Mr. Aiken, no change should be made without excellent reason.

Art Notes

THE statue of Peter Cooper, by Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens, in front of the Cooper Union building, will be unveiled this afternoon at 3 P.M. The ceremonies will take place in the great hall of the Union.

—A modest but helpful little book is Mr. W. P. Jervis's "Rough Notes on Pottery." A desire to know something about the potter's art has often been chilled, he finds, by the technicality of its treatment in the text-books, which are written from a standpoint too high for any but the enthusiast. His own contribution to the subject is intended only as a primer. In numerous brief chapters he discusses the famous makes, from China to the United States, by way of Italy, France, Denmark, England, etc., with illustrations of typical examples, reproductions of familiar trade-marks and references to standard works in which the subject can be pursued. (Newark, N. J.: W. P. Jervis.)

—American readers should be grateful to *The International Studio* for introducing them to the work of Mr. T. Millie Dow. Mr. Dow's paintings as represented in the illustrations accom-



panying Mr. Norman Garstain's account of him, remind one of the work of the American painter Mr. Abbott Thayer, and we are not surprised to find that the two men are friends. Indeed, Mr. Dow, who is a Scotchman, came to America, years ago, to visit his friend Mr. Thayer. There is an interesting article in this May number on "The Choice of Simple Furniture," in which illustrations of some simple designs are given. The writer seems to forget, when he rails at commonplace furniture, that the simplest is usually the most expensive. Commonplace furniture is made by machinery, in large quantities, while the simpler and better sort is made by hand and, in this country at least, costs a great deal. We do not care for all the designs given—the washing-stand, for instance; but most of them are good. The colored picture is not as successful as some of the monochromes that have been given in previous numbers.

—With the April number of *Ex Libris*, its publication is brought to a close for lack of the patronage which was expected from collectors. This is the more to be regretted as some of the designs printed in this periodical are among the handsomest in existence. The frontispiece of the present number, designed by Mr. Louis Rhead, must be reckoned among these. The owner of this plate, Mr. W. H. Shir-Cliff, writes appreciatively of Mr. Rhead's decorative talent. There is an article on "The Psychology of Collecting," by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, and one on Alexander Anderson, the first American wood-engraver of note, by Mr. Frederic M. Burr.

Education

ON MAY 21, Cambridge University, by a vote of 1713 to 662, rejected the proposal to confer degrees upon women. The voting was accompanied by much disorder in the streets, in which the undergraduates took a prominent and unenviable part. Over the Caius College gateway a large banner was suspended, bearing the words, "Get you to Girton, Beatrice. Get you to Newnham. Here is no place for maids."

The Second International Library Conference will be held during the week beginning July 12, in London, where it will meet as the guest of the Lord Mayor and Corporation. The chief object of the conference is to gather the fullest information as to the latest improvements in library management and bibliographical science.

The oldest living graduate of West Point is Brevet Major-General George S. Greene (First Lieutenant, U. S. A., retired), who entered the Academy on 24 June, 1819, was graduated in 1823, and served with gallantry in the volunteers during the Civil War. He is now in his ninety-sixth year, and is still able to attend banquets, reunions, etc. He is the father of Col. Francis V. Greene of the 71st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. (author of the life of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, in the Great Commanders Series, "The Russian Army," etc.).

The Oxford University accounts for the year just passed show a slight increase of revenue over the figures for 1895. The income "from internal sources," however, has diminished by about 1150/. Since the publication of the Duke of Devonshire's letter on the University's financial condition, a donation has been received from Dr. Nansen for the encouragement of geographical teaching.

Prof. Richardson of Drury College, Missouri, has been appointed Professor of History at Yale. Leaves of absence for a year have been granted to Profs. Palmer and Lounsbury. The latter will go abroad, in July, and take a well-learned and much-needed rest.

In view of the epithet of "godless institution," applied to Cornell University by some persons shortly after its founding, it is interesting to find that the first man to receive a diploma from the young institution afterwards became a clergyman. The Rev. Dr. George F. Behringer, a Lutheran pastor and author, holds the first degree ever conferred by Cornell. He has been studying the history of Luther's time, and now announces that he has found in the library of the University several thousand volumes of original sources for the study of the Reformation, and a collection of 241 portraits, engravings and the like, of the reformers and their friends, by contemporary artists. The collection embraces such rarities as Campanius's translation of Luther's catechism from Swedish into the Delaware Indian dialect, which in 1696 was printed in Stockholm at the expense of King Charles XI, and distributed among those Indians.

Dr. Benjamin Eddy Cotting has just resigned the place of Curator of the Lowell Institute of Boston, after a continuous service of fifty-five years. Although eighty-five years old he is in possession of all his faculties.

Mr. Joseph Milbank is now named as the donor of the \$250,000 given to the Teachers' College in March, 1896. The building erected through his gift, now nearly complete, will be called Milbank Memorial Hall. The donor's sister, Mrs. A. A. Anderson, some time ago gave \$250,000 towards the first building for Barnard College on its new site.

The legacy of \$150,000, left to the Catholic University of Baltimore by the late Mr. O'Brien of New Orleans, will be used to endow three chairs, to be selected by the authorities of the University.

The will of the Rev. Caleb Davis Bradley, formerly pastor of the Unitarian Church in Brookline, names Tufts College, and also Gale College, Wisconsin, among its beneficiaries. The greater part of the testator's library is bequeathed to the American Antiquarian Society. The residue of the estate is turned into a trust fund, which will eventually be divided in equal parts among Tufts College, the Home for Aged Couples, Boston; the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, the Boston Public Library and the Brookline Town Library.

The will of the late Prof. Edward Drinker Cope of the University of Pennsylvania bequeaths the greater part of his estate, amounting to upward of \$100,000, to the University, and for the establishment of a chair of vertebrate paleontology in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

By the will of the late Mr. John C. Paige of Boston, bequests of \$5000 each are left to Dartmouth College, to found the Ann L. Paige scholarship; to the Stockbridge Association of Hanover, for a boys' reading-room; and to the Insurance Library of Boston. The bequests are to be paid on the death of the testator's mother, when the residue of the estate is to be given to the Boston Public Library, for the children's room.

By the will of the late Mr. Charles F. Lawrence, the town of Pepperell, Mass., the testator's old home, is to receive \$100,000 for the construction of a library and art-gallery, \$50,000 to be used in purchasing a site near the centre of the town and the erection of a fireproof building; \$25,000 to be spent in fitting up the library, and a like amount to be used in fitting up the gallery. All Mr. Lawrence's books and pictures go to the library, which is to be known as the Lawrence Library.

The American Book Co. has just published "Carpenter's Geographical Reader: Asia," by Frank G. Carpenter, with colored maps and half-tone illustrations.

Miss Elizabeth Van Ingen, who died suddenly in Brooklyn on May 24, was well known to all visitors to the Brooklyn Library, with which she had been connected for thirty years. Three years ago she was promoted from the reading-room to the superintendency of the book delivery department. It was said of her that she could place her hand upon any book in the library without even a moment's hesitation. She was born in this city, in Bleecker Street.

Notes

AMONG the prices paid at the sale of the library of the late Chas. W. Frederickson were \$340 for Lamb's copy of "The Works of our Ancient and Learned English Poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, and Lidgate's Story of Thebes," Speght's edition, folio, black letter, London, 1598; \$300 for a clean copy of the rare first edition of Keats's "Poems" (London, 1817), being a presentation copy "From the Author to his Friend Thos. Richards," with on the fly-leaf an original manuscript sonnet by Leigh Hunt "on receiving a crown of ivy from J. K.," dated March 2, 1817; \$150 for the first edition of the same poet's "Endymion" (London, 1818), presentation copy to "G. Keats from his affectionate Brother the author"; \$115 for Charles Lamb's copy of John Donne's Poems, with critical notes on margins by S. T. Coleridge; \$250 for the works of Michael Drayton (London, 1748), with copious annotations by Charles Lamb; and \$160 for Gray's "Elegy" (London, 1751, first edition) and his "Odes" (1757), bound together.

—Interest in the sale of the Ashburnham library, says *The Academy*, increases as the event draws near. The sale, which will be opened on June 25, is expected to last eight days, and among the items to be offered is the first printed edition of the Bible, for which the Earl gave 3400*l*. The Caxton books include a first edition of the "Canterbury Tales" and a fine copy of Boëtius's "De Consolatione Philosophiæ." The Wynkyn de Worde books are also a striking lot.

—The amount realized from the sale of the literary and art treasures of the Goncourts is 1,367,992 francs. The house and the copyrights are still to be sold, after which the Goncourt Academy is to be founded, a compromise having been made with the relatives who contested the will.

—Here is an interesting item for Capt. Mahan:—"Messrs. Sotheby," says *The Athenæum*, "are going to sell in the coming season the manuscript of the autobiography of Lord Nelson. It was drawn up for John McArthur, and sent from Port Mahon in 1799, accompanied by a letter, the original of which is to be sold with the MS. It was printed in McArthur & Clarke's big quartos in 1809."

—Mr. Henry James, who has become the London correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, will contribute to the issue of June 5 a letter on the recent picture-exhibitions in that city.

—From the Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times* we learn that "Trilby" has reached Germany, in a translation of Paul Potter's drama, by Julius Türk. "If possible, it is more unattractive in German than in English. Türk plays Svengali in one theatre; a Dutch actor who speaks bad German plays him in another; in dress and speech the British artists of the old Quartier Latin are very comical, if for no other reason than their remoteness from anything possibly suggestive of Britain or the Quartier Latin or art. Among other relics of New York in Berlin is Carmencita, who dances almost as well as of yore, but seems to excite little enthusiasm in dingy audiences at the dingy Apollo Theatre; she is not acrobatic enough to startle them, and they do not know what genuine dancing is."

—Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's "Poor Boys Who Became Famous" has reached its twenty-third edition. The same author's "Girls Who Became Famous" has gone into its twenty-second edition.

—"The house in Roda, Saxe-Altenburg, where Dr. Johann Faust, the famous magician and soothsayer of legendary fame, was born toward the last quarter of the fifteenth century," says the *Chicago Chronicle*, "was knocked down to a native for \$25 the other day, and is now being dismantled. Five years ago, when the World's Fair Commission dispatched a small army of curiosity hunters to all parts of the globe to seek attractions, the good people of Roda asked a cool \$100,000 for the little pile of brick, wood, iron, mortar and dust that was to be taken down and re-erected in this city. But the price was considered too stiff, and the negotiations fell through. In order that the house might not fall down, the municipal fathers of the little town ordered its immediate demolition. This historic structure stood until quite recently on a rocky eminence near the Jenaisches Thor (city gate). It was a frame building, very rickety, and had been extensively repaired. There is a legend that it dated back to the year 1450 or 1400, as do many other buildings of Roda. That Faust saw the light in one of its dingy rooms, with floors of trampled earth and tiny windows in leaden frames, is attested by several authentic statements in the town chronicle, and also in the 'Faust Buch,' printed in 1587, from which all later writers on the Faust legend quote and which is their chief authority."

—On May 26, ex-Ambassador Bayard delivered to Gov. Wolcott of Massachusetts the log of the Mayflower, in the presence of both houses of the state Legislature, sitting in joint convention in the House of Representatives. Senator Hoar delivered an address on the history and value of the document; and Gov. Wolcott himself responded to Mr. Bayard's presentation speech.

—From the well-informed "Man of Kent" we learn that "Mr. Herbert Spencer is now staying in a furnished house at Brighton. He is anxious to bring the biological part of his work up to date, and has five secretaries at work helping him. Of course he accepts none of their work without rigid scrutiny. Unfortunately his health is so feeble that he is only able to manage at intervals an hour's work in a day. Mr. Spencer divides his year thus—three months in London, then three months in Brighton, then three months in a country farmhouse, and then three months in London again."

—The A. D. F. Randolph Co. will publish immediately "The Ten Laws: A Foundation for Human Society," by Edward Beecher Mason, D. D.; and "The Ruling Elder at Work," by the Rev. J. Aspinwall Hodge, D. D. This firm has in preparation a series of small Handbooks for Practical Workers in Church and Philanthropy. The series is under the editorship of Prof. Samuel Macauley Jackson of New York University, who will contribute "An Historical Sketch of the Efforts on the Part of the Church to Help the Poor." The other volumes arranged for are "The Institutional Church," by Edward Judson, D. D.; "The Country Church," by the Rev. Austin B. Bassett; "The Bible School: A Manual for the Sunday School Worker," by the Rev. A. H. McKinney; "Revivals and Missions," by J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.; "Young People's Societies," by Leonard Woolsey Bacon, D. D.; "Charity Organization and Relief Societies," by Charles D. Kellogg; "College and University Settlements," by Prof. C. R. Henderson, D. D.; "Working People's Clubs," by Robert Graham; and "Friendly Visiting," by Miss M. E. Richmond.

—Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts is associate editor of *The Illustrated American*. A younger brother, William Carman Roberts, is assistant editor of the same journal.

—"A gap in a family of attached sisters," says *The Daily Chronicle*, "has occurred by the death, at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, of Miss Emma Sewell, sister of Miss Elizabeth Sewell, whose novels, 'Amy Herbert,' 'Ursula' and others, did much to train a generation or two of young girls. They were read, and no doubt are read now, contemporaneously with Miss Yonge's. Miss Sewell and her sisters have lived for many years at Bonchurch, and their family owned Farringford before it came into the hands of Lord Tennyson. Of several brothers, the survivor, Dr. Sewell, is Warden of New College, Oxford, an office he has held during the lifetime of most people."

—Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the illustrator, has joined the Roman Catholic Church.

—"When 'Sir George Tressady' was coming out in *The Century*," writes J. M. B. of Baltimore, "many of its readers were very anxious to discover the whereabouts of a certain quotation that Marcella uses in one of the most beautiful scenes of the book. Through the courtesy of the editor of *The Century*, who sent my inquiry on to Mrs. Ward, I am informed that the lines, 'We glance, and nod, and bustle by,' are in a poem by Matthew Arnold, called 'A Southern Knight'—a poem written in memory of his brother. The whole verse reads thus—

"See all sights from pole to pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die."

—In an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Stanley Adleshaw speaks of the great change that can be traced in Walter Pater's thought, from pure paganism in his "Renaissance," to Christianity in "Marius":—"He has not given up art; far from it, but only art for art's sake. The beautiful, the pleasure giving, are no longer ends in themselves, but only means by which the ideal may be reached. The greatest art has always been that which tries to elevate men: in painting, Fra Angelico; in poetry, Dante; in fiction, Thackeray. So far is art from curtailing or maiming itself when it has a purpose, that it may be said with truth that no great art was ever without a purpose. The art done for its own sake is the mother of all that is feeble and worthless in every domain of expression. So Mr. Pater, in changing his theories, did not lose art, but rather found her for the first time. He now realized, as Browning had done, that things are worthless, however beautiful, unless they make for righteousness."

—Mr. George P. Brett, President of the Macmillan Co., has addressed to the Senate's tariff committee a letter, asking that justice be done the booksellers, "either by doing away with the exemptions and continuing the present rate of duty, which as perhaps has been stated might work an injustice to educational institutions, or in making the duty on books so low that there need be no exemptions at all under the law."

—Two collections of American dialect stories are announced by the Macmillan Co. One is Col. R. M. Johnston's "Old Times in Middle Georgia"; the other, Mrs. Ella Higginson's "From the Land of the Snow Pearls: Tales of Puget Sound," the latter being a reissue, with additions, of "The Flower that Grew in the Sand."

—"The Knave of Hearts," by Albert Lee, a Fourth of July comedieta, illustrated by Edward Penfield, is issued this week by Mr. R. H. Russell.

—Dr. Nansen writes to his friends in London that his labors as a lecturer have happily left his health unhurt. Like every other man who has gone through a lecturing-tour, he feels wearied and worn at the end of it. He looks forward with a certain tribulation to his autumn visit to America, but is hopeful that he may survive even that.

—Mr. Hasseltine H. Dooley writes that the familiar stanza "Thicker than water in one rill Through centuries of story," etc., is from Whittier's poem "To Englishmen." It was called forth by England's attitude during our Civil War. Mr. W. Dowson Johnston, he says, will find it in any complete edition of Whittier's works.

Free Parliament

Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, always give its number.

QUESTIONS

1842.—In what part of the "Orlando Innamorato" is to be found "the famous passage where Boiardo compares the Italian ideal of an accomplished gentleman with the coarser type admired by the nations of the north"? I prefer to read it in a translation.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

L. H.

1843.—Can you inform me from what source Longfellow obtained his legend of "King Robert of Sicily"? I especially refer to the angelic portion of the story. In the very limited range of literature at my command, all I can find is that Robert "the

Wise" flourished in the first half of the thirteenth century, and that is all. No mention is made of misrule indicating the need of celestial interference.

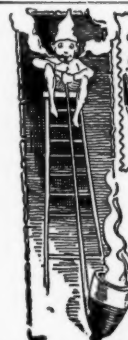
SAN DIEGO, Cal.

F. H. M.

[The story is old and oft repeated. It is essentially the same as the story of the emperor Jovinian in the "Gesta Romanorum"; and Baring-Gould traces it back to the Sanskrit "Pantschatantra"—a collection of tales dating from before the Christian era. A kindred story is told of King Solomon in the Talmud. There is also the old English metrical romance of "Robert of Cysaille," which most nearly resembles Longfellow's poem. It occurs also in the tale of "The Proud King" in Morris's "Earthly Paradise." "Among Buddhists the false King is vivified by a crafty rogue's infused soul; among Jews he is a transformed devil; but among Christians he is an angel of light" (Baring-Gould).]

Publications Received

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|---|---------------------------------|
| Alden, Mrs. G. R. Overruled. \$1.50. | Lothrop Pub. Co. |
| Bange, J. K. The Pursuit of the House-Boat. \$1.25. | Harper & Bros. |
| Baumbach's Die Nonna. 30c. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Bible Readings for Schools. Ed. by N. C. Schaeffer. 30c. | Amer. Book Co. |
| Bowne, B. P. Theory of Thought and Knowledge. \$1.50. | Harper & Bros. |
| Brinton, D. G. Maria Candelaria. | Phila.: David McKay. |
| Bryan, W. H. The Eagle. | St. Louis: Nixon-Jones Ptg. Co. |
| Century Magazine. Nov. 1896-April 1897. | Century Co. |
| Claghorn, K. M. College Training for Women. \$1.25. | T. V. Crowell & Co. |
| Davey, R. The Sultan and His Subjects. 2 vols. | E. P. Dutton & Co. |
| Davis, R. H. Soldiers of Fortune. \$1.50. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Dresser, H. W. The Heart of It. 75c. | Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. |
| Egerton, G. Symphonies. \$1.25. | John Lane. |
| Finch, A. V. Finch Primer. | Ginn & Co. |
| Guthrie, K. S. Faith and Reason. Philosophy of Plotinus. 2 pamphlets. | Phila.: Dunlap Printing Co. |
| Hatfield, J. T. Materials for German Composition. 12c. | D. C. Heath & Co. |
| Heaton, A. Beauty and Art. \$1.75. | D. Appleton & Co. |
| Hornung, E. W. My Lord Duke. \$1.25. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Horton, R. F. Oliver Cromwell. \$1.25. | T. Whittaker. |
| Hubrecht, A. A. W. The Descent of the Primates. \$1. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Johnson, S. Alexander Pope. | Harper & Bros. |
| Ladd, G. T. Philosophy of Knowledge. \$4. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Leahies, S. The Claims of the Old Testament. \$2. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Locke, W. J. Derelicts. | John Lane. |
| MacKenzie, W. D. The Ethics of Gambling. 35c. | Henry Altman. |
| Milton, G. F. Constitution of Tennessee. | Knoxville, Tenn. |
| Mitchel, F. A. Sweet Revenge. \$1. | Harper & Bros. |
| Mooney, W. D. Latin Grammar. 75c. | American Book Co. |
| Nash, H. S. Genesis of the Social Conscience. \$1.50. | Macmillan Co. |
| National Council of Jewish Women. | Jewish Pub. Society. |
| Newhall, C. S. The Vines of Northeastern America. \$2.50. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Pellissier, G. The Literary Movement in France During the | Nineteenth Century. |
| \$3.50. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Russell, Dora. A Man's Privilege. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Sanford, M. B. The Romance of a Jesuit Mission. \$1.25. | Baker & Taylor Co. |
| Seth, A. Two Lectures on Theism. \$1. | Charles Scribner's Sons. |
| Sheldon, H. I. Notes on the Nicaragua Canal. \$1.25. | A. C. McClurg & Co. |
| Sherwood, M. E. W. An Epistle to Posterity. \$2.50. | Harper & Bros. |
| Stevens, C. E. The Romance of Arenfels. \$1.25. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Tyner, Paul. The Temple. 10c. | Denver, Col.: Temple Pub. Co. |
| Uchard, M. My Uncle Barbassou. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| University of Michigan Calendar for 1896-97. | Ann Arbor, Mich. |
| Ward, H. D. The Burglar Who Moved to Paradise. \$1.25. | Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Z. Z. The Beautiful Miss Brooke. \$2. | D. Appleton & Co. |



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